

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

MAY, 1895.

No. 2

## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*Notes upon the spring exhibitions, and echoes of recent events in the world of art—With a series of engravings of representative works.*

IT is said that a leading auctioneer of pictures in New York recently received a cablegram from Paris inquiring what price a collection of paintings would be likely to bring if sent to New York for sale. He sent back the brief and expressive reply—"Nothing."

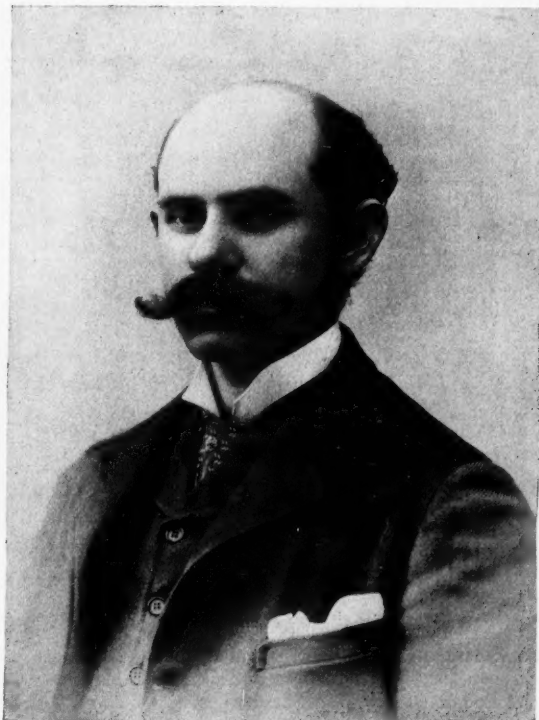
This was a somewhat hyperbolic but decidedly expressive description of the present state of the picture market. The low figures realized at the great Inness sale, of which we spoke last month, have been followed by an equally marked decline in the prices offered for the work of foreign masters hitherto rated high in popular esteem. The largest sum paid for an Inness was \$2,100. At a subsequent sale, with such names as Schreyer, Jules Breton, Vibert, de Neuville, and Van Marcke in the catalogue, no picture brought more than \$2,350. At another auction, early in March, a painting by Albrecht Durer went for thirty five dollars, and a landscape that claimed to be by Salvator Rosa, and to have cost its owner \$3,500 in Europe, brought seventy five dollars.

All this does not show that art is permanently under a financial cloud, or that all lines of it are suffering from the prevalent commercial depression. The best work of the best artists still commands its figure, but there is far less demand for pictures that cannot clearly establish their title to rank as such. Expensive can-

vases are a luxury; collectors are not anxious to add to their galleries just now; speculators are out of the field. Paintings do not receive attention unless they are good enough to compel it.

\* \* \* \*

PICTURE sales may have languished this season, but exhibitions have been numerous, interesting, and successful. There have been a dozen notable ones in New York, besides the regular displays of the



W. L. Picknell.

*From a photograph by Havens, Jacksonville, Fla.*



"Laura"

*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Gabriel Maz.*

art associations; and several of them have been seen, or will be seen, in other cities also. People will go to see pictures, at any rate, if they will not buy them.

The greatest popular hit, probably, was scored by the collection that possessed the

slightest artistic importance—George du Maurier's pen and ink "Trilby" illustrations. The most remarkable, unquestionably, was Mr. Abbey's exhibition of his partially completed "Holy Grail" series of mural decorations for the Boston Public



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"At the Fireside."

From the painting by H. Sperting—By permission of the Berlin Photographie Company, 14 E. 23d St., New York.



COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Evening Prayer."

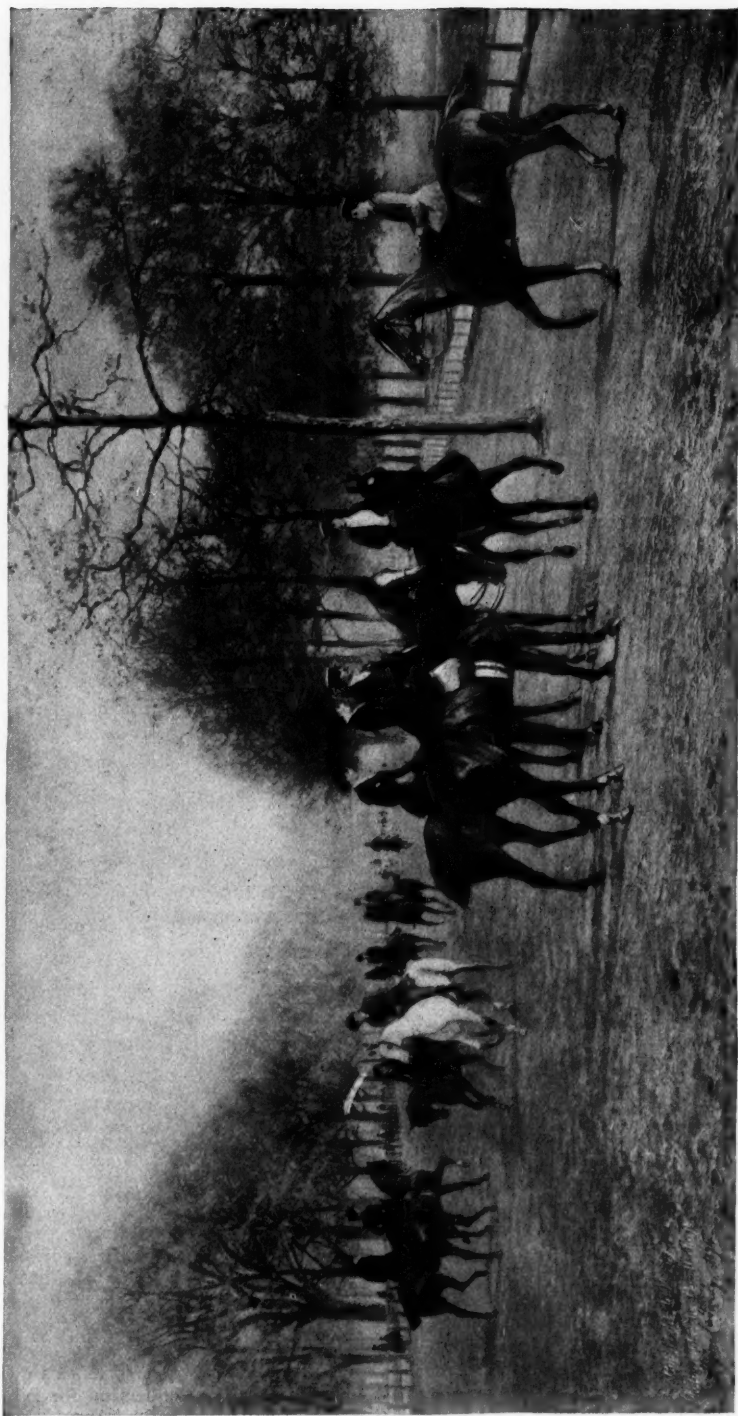
From the painting by E. Munier—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

Library—a work that sets its author, hitherto regarded as the daintiest and cleverest of illustrators, in the very forefront of our ablest and most ambitious painters. Another young American artist whom we have come to regard as a resident of Europe, Mr. Pinkney Marcus-Simons, made an interesting showing of his very original and eccentric canvases, whose beauty of color aroused admiration while their strange

mysticism caused wonder. George H. Boughton, too, sent over some good water colors and oils. Then there was the La Farge collection, of which we spoke last month, shown in New York before going to Paris for the Champ de Mars Salon.

Raffaelli and Manet, two notable figures in the history of recent French art, have also appeared as exhibitors here. Manet's pictures, shown at the Durand-Ruel gal-





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**"Rotten Row."**

*From the painting by Haywood Hardy—By permission of the Berlin Photographische Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*



"On the Balcony."

*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Carl Becker.*

leries in New York, are characteristic productions of the pioneer of French impressionism. Raffaelli—who may be classed as one of his followers, though on perfectly original lines—was in evidence at the American Art Galleries, in conjunction with Mr. Abbey. His Parisian scenes and people are not exactly beautiful, yet they have a rather curious strength and charm.

Worthy of mention, too, were the displays of the Architectural League and of the Painters in Water Color of Holland. The latter body, of which the well known Josef Israels is president, declared itself so much encouraged by the success of the Dutch art exhibit at the World's Fair that it organized a special collection for exhibition here this spring—an undertaking made



"Are You Ready, Mamma?"

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clement & Co., Successors), after the painting by Tofano.*



"Victory."

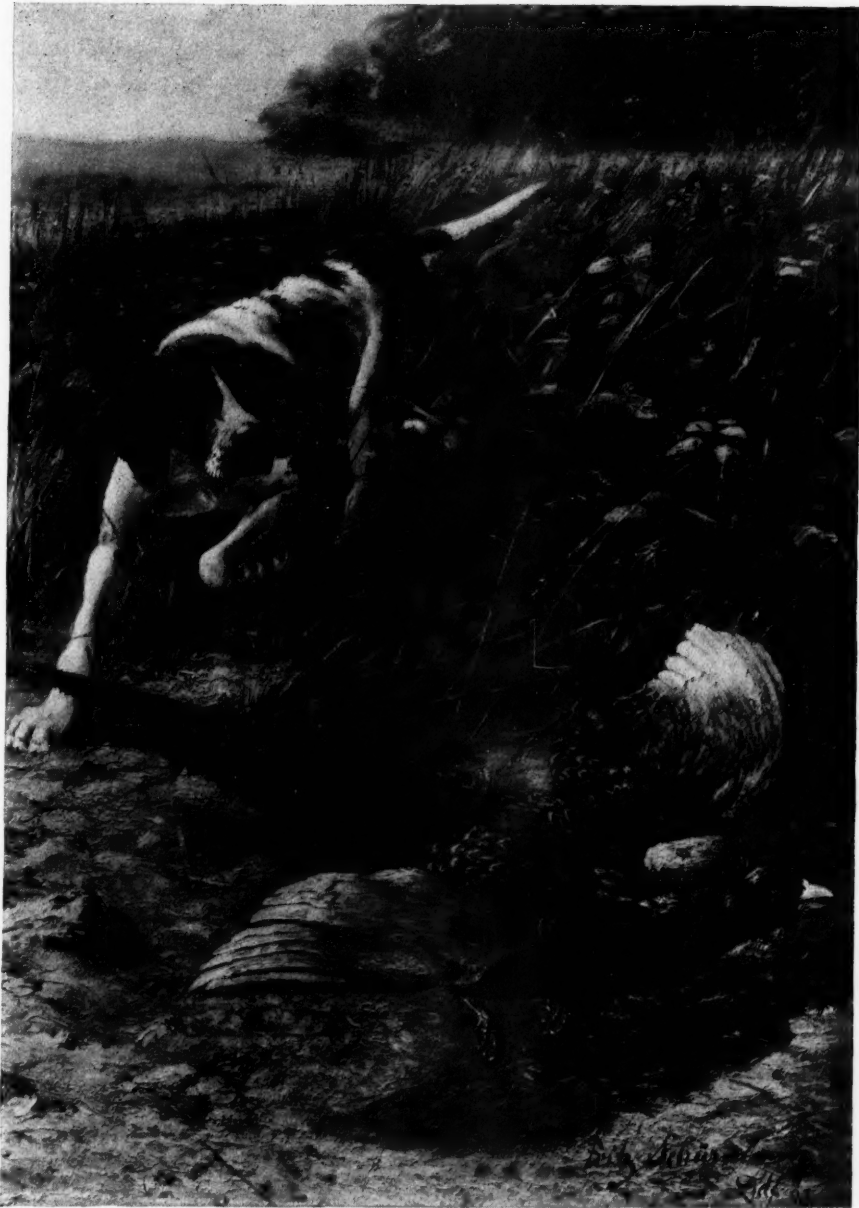
*From the statue by Consani.*

commercially possible by the abolition of the duty on paintings.

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On the 7th of May the second annual exhibition of the Sculpture Society is to open

in New York. The display is to have one novel element—a decoration of the Fine Arts Society's galleries, in which it will be held, with landscape gardening, to show what can be achieved in that direction by



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"Pointer and Pheasant."

From the painting by Fritz Schürmann—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

sculpture in combination with flowers and plants. Something of the sort has already been done at the Paris Salons, but a new departure is promised for the American exhibition.

The society also purposes to lend a hand in the task of improving the neglected artistic education of the government. It has offered five hundred dollars in prizes for the best designs for a new silver dollar, and an-



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"She Has Lost Her Way."

From the painting by D. Ridgway Knight—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

nounces that if a sufficiently meritorious suggestion be made, its adoption will be urged upon the authorities at Washington.

\* \* \* \*

THE previous occupant of the Fine Arts building, the Society of American Artists, made an exhibition that followed this asso-

ciation's established lines. As in former years, it consisted largely of impressionist work, of glaring sunlight pictures, of nude figure studies, and of varied experiments in paint, interesting to artists rather than attractive to the public.

Of course it also contained many canvases





COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Children of Ocean."

From the painting by O. Seltz—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 22d St., New York.



"The Countess Potocka."

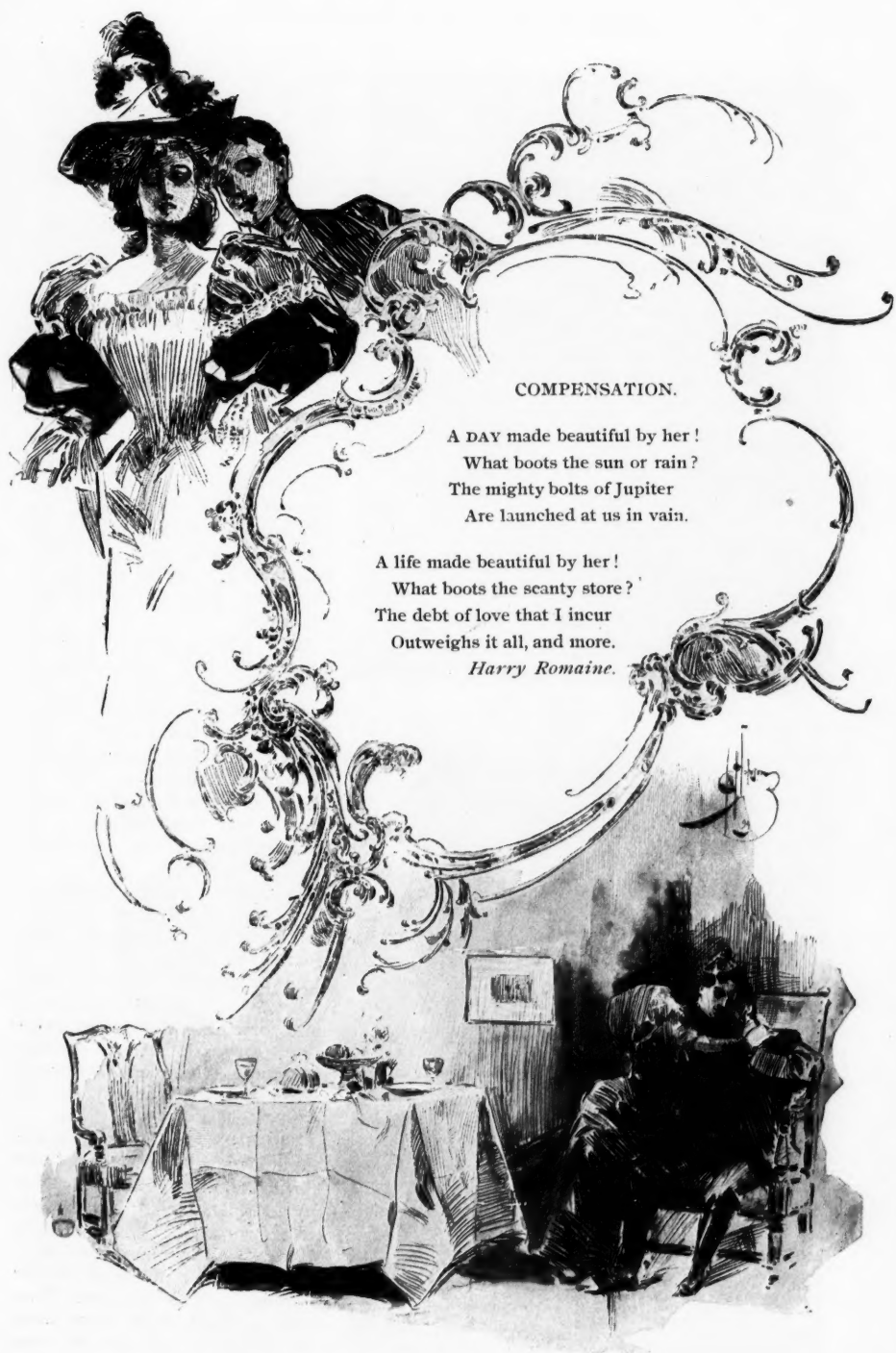
*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by an unknown artist.*

that were more than mere experiments. One of the most successful of them was "A Friendly Call," the Shaw prize picture, by the society's president, William M. Chase.

\* \* \* \*

WILLIAM L. PICKNELL, of whom a portrait appears on page 105, is a Bostonian, an associate of the National Academy, and one

of the most promising of our younger generation of painters. Much of his work has been done abroad. We do not remember seeing anything from his brush on this side of the Atlantic since he sent to the Academy, a year ago, a striking study of California landscape, which had already won an honorable mention at the Salon.



COMPENSATION.

A DAY made beautiful by her !  
What boots the sun or rain ?  
The mighty bolts of Jupiter  
Are launched at us in vain.

A life made beautiful by her !  
What boots the scanty store ?  
The debt of love that I incur  
Outweighs it all, and more.

*Harry Romaine.*

## THE GREAT ATLANTIC LINERS.

*Ships that are floating palaces and monster machines of the ocean—The pioneer steamers of fifty years ago, the "record holders" of today, and the racers of the future.*

THE ocean greyhound of today, with its luxuries, its marvelous speed, its spacious quarters, its comparative stability, makes a run over to England or

"the continent" a journey to be taken for its own sake. Every year people who have a short holiday spend it in taking a round trip on one of the great steamers, knowing that they will be nearly as well served as in the best hotel, and practically as safe—for serious accidents on the Atlantic ferry are less common than hotel conflagrations on shore—with the additional advantage of the invigorating sea air, and that exhilarating sense of movement that comes from flying through the waves.

It is almost entirely due to Americans that the Atlantic steamship has grown to its present estate from the modest beginnings of half a century ago; for of the hundred thousand cabin passengers who annually land at the New York docks, not more than twenty thousand are strangers. The rest are Americans coming home.

When the Cunards opened their line between Liverpool and Boston, in 1840, they started with four ships. Today there are fourteen or fifteen steamship lines sailing out from New York alone, and something like ninety ships that carry saloon and steerage passengers between European ports and the gateway of the New World.

The first steamship to cross the ocean was an American boat, the Savannah, fitted out in New York by a Mr. Scarlborough, of Savannah, Georgia. This was in 1819. It is difficult to realize now what a venturesome undertaking the voyage seemed in those days, only a dozen years later than the Clermont's pioneer trip from New York to Albany. The doubters who had sneered at Fulton's new fangled monster were



A Twin Screw Steamer in a Dry Dock.

positive that the Savannah would never finish her voyage. To a certain extent their predictions were justified. Eighteen days out, her engines burned the last of her pitch pine fuel; but she made the rest of the distance with her sails, entering the Mersey on the thirty second day. The river's banks were lined with crowds eager to see the American wonder, and the captain had to turn his vessel over to the sight-seers for a week. But financially the experiment was a failure, and it was not repeated for a dozen years. Then, in 1831, the Royal William of Quebec, using both steam and sails, crossed to England, where her owners sold her to the Spanish government to be turned into a warship.

The regular Atlantic steamship service dates from 1838, when two English vessels made the first race across the ocean. On the 5th of April the Sirius left Queenstown Harbor, carrying seven passengers, and bound for New York. The Great Western started after her from Bristol on the 8th, and nearly



Captain Cameron of the Teutonic.

succeeded in overtaking her, both ships reaching Sandy Hook on the 23d of April.

The Sirius would have had to be ignominiously towed up the bay if her captain had not been on his mettle to the extent of burning his spars and part of the cargo.

The arrival of these ships made about as much stir as the settling down of two flying machines would make today. There were long editorials in the New York newspapers over the "excitement," and it was seriously debated whether the volume of travel would ever be great enough to make such ventures profitable. Old inhabitants still talk of the day when the Great Western sailed out of the harbor, on her return voyage, with more than a hundred thousand people crowded in the Battery Park to see her off. Evidently New York curiosity has always held its present characteristics.

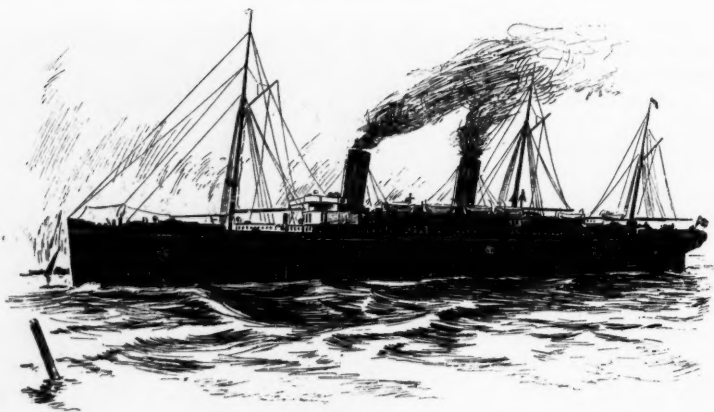
The Great Western afterward improved her record to 12 days, 7½ hours—a great advance upon the speed of earlier boats. She was of 1,340 tons burden, and 750



Captain Parsell of the Majestic.



## THE GREAT ATLANTIC LINERS.



The White Star Line S. S. "Teutonic."

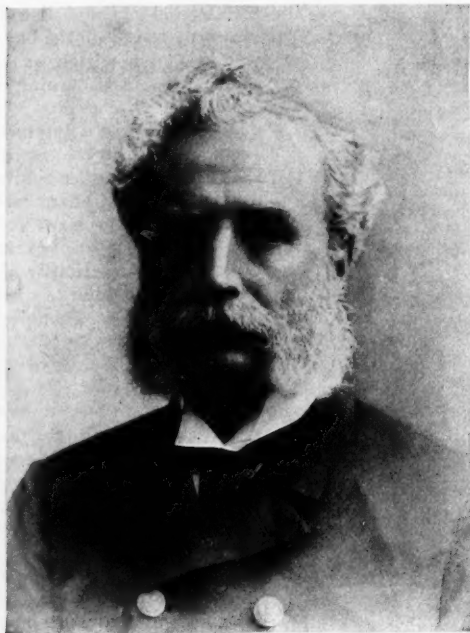
horse power—figures regarded as remarkable at the time, puny as they look when compared to the 12,950 tons and the 30,000 horse power of the present monarch of the Atlantic, the *Lucania*.

The builders of the Great Western next launched a still larger ship, the *Great Britain*, which was wrecked on its third voyage—a disaster that ruined its owners. The company to which the *Sirius* belonged was equally unlucky, being unable to sur-

vive the loss of a new steamer called the *President*, which left New York in March, 1841, and was not heard of again.

There never was a successful steamship line until Samuel Cunard, the Halifax merchant, conceived the idea of promoting a company which should receive a handsome premium from the British government for carrying the mails. His idea was carried out through English influence, an annual subsidy of sixty thousand pounds being granted to the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which we know today as the Cunard Line. The *Britannia*, one of the four ships built to carry out the fortnightly mail contract, sailed from Liverpool on June 2, 1840, carrying the unprecedented number of ninety passengers, and the regular mail route between England and America was opened. It was the *Britannia* that brought Dickens here in 1842.

In 1847 American capitalists organized the famous old Collins line, to which the United States government paid nearly a million dollars a year to carry the mails and make better time than the Cunarders. The Collins ships were widely advertised as models of comfort and beauty. Their owners were the first to pay much attention to interior decoration, and to give a foretaste of the beauty of furnishing which all ocean travelers know today. They made better time, too, than their English rivals, their average passage being from ten to eleven days, while the Cu-

Captain Hains of the *Campania*.



narders could not do better than twelve days. But the high rate of speed ruined the line by its enormous expense, and in 1856 the American flag disappeared from the Atlantic ferry.

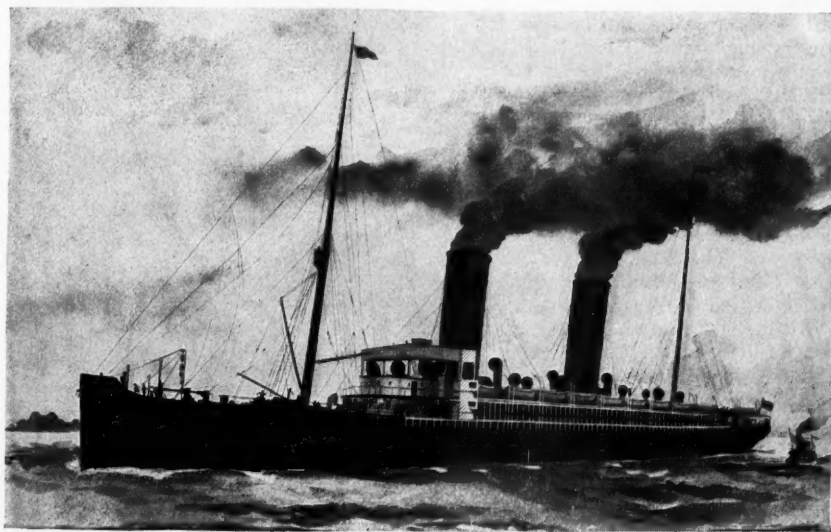
A curious incident in the story of ocean travel was the building of the monstrous Great Eastern, which still, forty years after her keel was laid on the Thames, remains the largest ship ever constructed. She was far too heavy for her engines, and proved a total failure as a passenger ship. Later, she did memorable service in laying the first Atlantic cable, and went all over the world as a bearer of submarine wires, until she was bought at a bargain by a dry goods firm in Liverpool, who used her for a time as a floating bazar, and finally broke her up in 1888.

About the time when the Collins company sent its ships across the ocean, another line was founded in England—the Inman, which has now hoisted the Stars and Stripes and become the American line. But though the growth of competition led to increased attention to the comfort of passengers, accommodations were still primitive. A passenger



Captain McKay of the *Lucania*.

who went to England in the early forties draws a picture of his experiences that makes us realize why our grandfathers considered a trip to Europe one of the terrors, as well as delights, of a lifetime. The state rooms were little more than closets, lit with smoky oil lamps, and pro-



The Cunard Line S. S. *Campania*.



Captain Watkins of the Paris.

vided with two berths, two feet wide, one above the other. They were situated in the after part of the ship, where the vessel's motion, and the noise of the machinery, made pandemonium in a sensitive brain, and rendered sea sickness almost inevitable. And this misery had to be endured for ten, eleven, or twelve days.

The clipper ships still continued to carry immigrants to America. It was the managers of the Inman line who first saw that room could be made for third cabin passengers on steamships, and tried the experiment with such success that the clipper disappeared from the seas. Then the White Star company built the earliest steamers modeled upon lines that have since been more or less closely followed, with the state rooms in the center of the ship. The Baltic, a White Star liner, first brought the "record" below eight days, crossing from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, in 1873, in seven days, twenty hours. From that date the contest of speed has been so keen that in twenty one years the record has been broken seventeen times. It was the Guion liner Alaska that marked an era in the struggle with

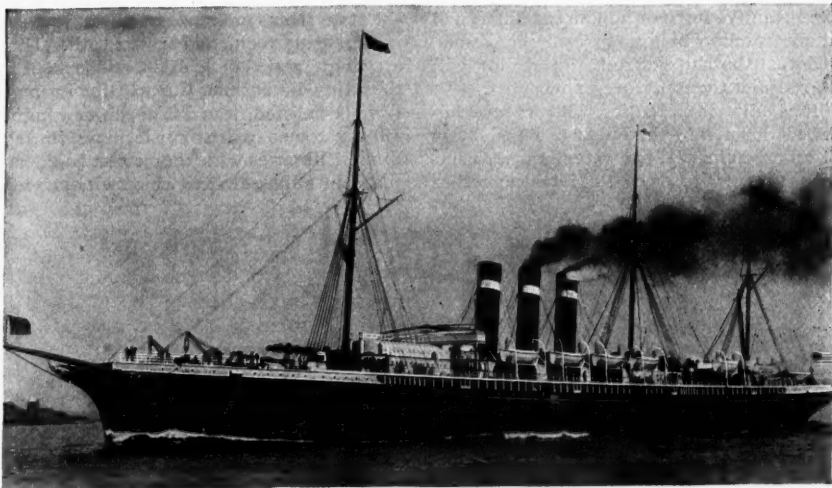
time and space by bringing the voyage within a week, in 1882. Seven years later, after the Alaska, the ill fated Oregon, the America, and the twin Cunarders Etruria and Umbria, had successively reigned and been deposed as ocean monarchs, the Paris reached another milestone by crossing in less than six days. For three years more the Paris' only rivals were her sister ship, the New York, and the pair of White Star liners, the Teutonic and Majestic. Then the Cunard company launched its latest giants—also twin vessels—the Campania and Lucania, and the latter now holds the record—five days, seven hours, and twenty three minutes.

This wonderful progress has been achieved in the face of repeated assertions that no further advance was practicable. It is true that each slight addition of speed involves an expense that swells in rapidly ascending ratio. To drive the Lucania and Campania through the water more swiftly than the Paris by one knot in an hour necessitated

an increase of horse power from the latter's twenty thousand to the colossal figure of



Captain Jamison of the New York.



The American Line S. S. New York.

thirty thousand for the Cunard giants, the most tremendously powerful and costly machines ever built by the hand of man. It seems, today, as if the limit has been quite or nearly reached, at least for the present.

The newest pair of great ships—the St. Louis and the St. Paul, now being built upon the Delaware for the American line—are to excel all their predecessors in luxurious equipment, but not in speed. Yet it may

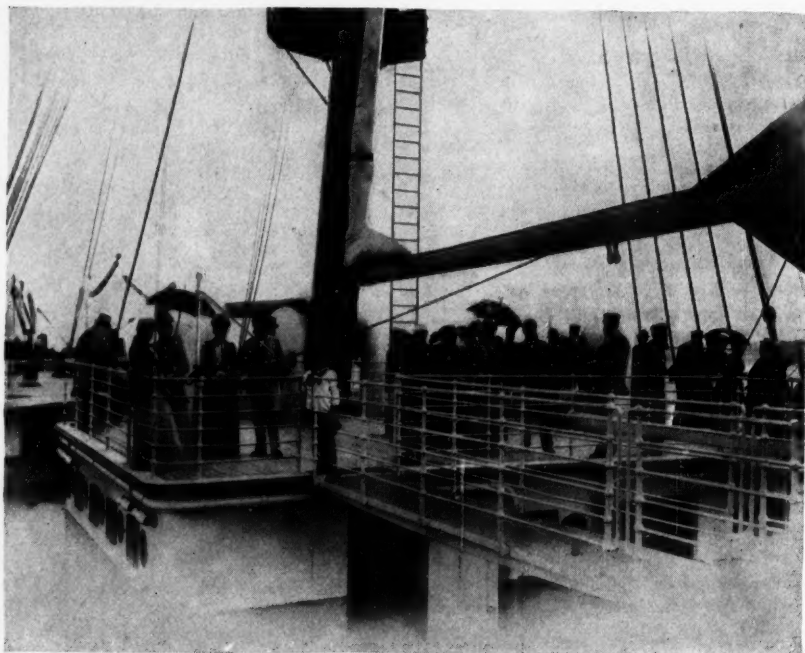


The Dining Room of the New York.

be set down as certain that sooner or later the inventive force of human ingenuity will attain results which now seem impossible, and that the ships of some future day will be speedier than anything now afloat.

It is only a favored few who are ever allowed down into the pulsing, naked heart of an ocean greyhound to see how its enormous power is produced. Here the record

well cared for on land. The handsomest of the state rooms are made in suites, with bed room, sitting room, and private bath. There are single and double beds, and except for their tiny dimensions, the apartments might have been lifted from one of the new hotels. Dining rooms where music plays through dinner, libraries with the newest books and magazines, little alcoves where windows look



On the Promenade Deck of the Teutonic.

breaking speed is the price of torment to human beings. Whatever the luxury of the cabins, the men who drive the ship still live in an inferno, where a ton of coal has to be shoveled into the red mouths of the furnaces every five minutes, day and night. The heat and darkness, the roar and rush of flame at each opening of the iron doors, the moving figures, half naked, grimy with ashes—all this makes a scene that is like a nightmare. Not long ago a young German, who tried to work his way from Hamburg to New York in the stoke hole, was driven insane. He fled to the deck, stood for an instant cowering as if he feared he would be carried back, then sprang overboard.

The life up stairs gives no hint of this throbbing tension below. Here, on the ships of the great lines, is the restful elegance that is found wherever people are

out over the sea, make some of the comforts of a modern ocean voyage. Electricity twinkles everywhere, more than a thousand electric lamps being the ordinary equipment, and fresh air is pumped through the ship by patent ventilators.

One of the latest inventions is a contrivance which has been devised to keep vessels from rolling. Just behind the engine room there is a "rolling chamber." It is shaped something like a curved hourglass lying on its side across the ship. It is partly filled with water, a hundred tons being its capacity. When the steamer begins to roll, the water starts toward the side that is lowered, but the narrow neck keeps it from rushing through at once. Its momentum, however, drives the water on, even while the vessel rights itself, and the same thing occurs on the opposite roll. The weight of

a hundred tons of water will do a little toward counteracting the roll of even a great liner.

The officers of a ship have a great deal to do with its personality. On many of the foreign steamers you may find that your captain is a naval officer. In case of war and the pressing of his ship into the service, he would retain its command. On the French line, each member of the crew must have served for a time on a man of war. But generally speaking, the officers are sailor men who have made many a voyage and fought their way up inch by inch. To reach the captaincy requires not only good seamanship, but proved courage and capacity, a first rate personal record, and a thorough knowledge of every part of the mechanism under the commander's control. There is no passing by on account of favoritism in these great companies.

The steward's accounts of a liner like the New York, or the Lucania, or the Fürst Bismarck, makes very interesting reading.



Captain Albers of the Fürst Bismarck.



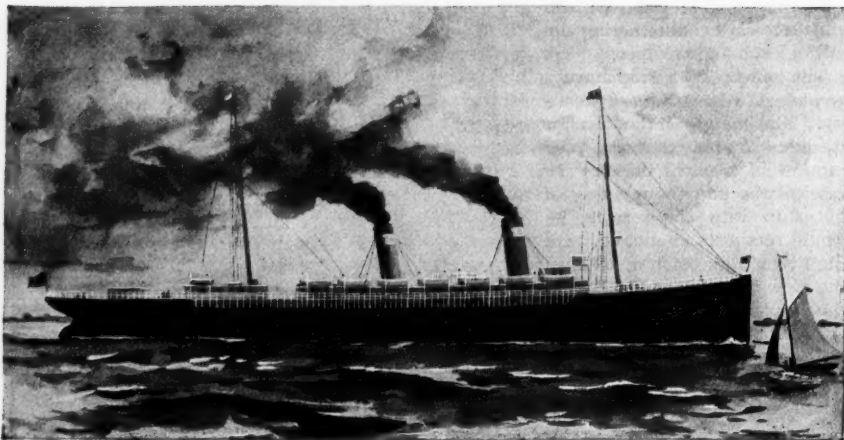
Captain Barends of the Augusta Victoria.

Twenty thousand pounds of fresh beef, two thousand pounds of fish, two hundred pounds of green turtle, twelve hundred eggs, and fifteen hundred pounds of ice cream, are among the items.

And it is not only the voyage which the steamship company will look after. Today you can leave New York and have your baggage checked on the dock here to any part of England, France, or Germany. When you land on the other side, special trains will whisk you to London or Paris. Such a system could not have been created a dozen years ago. Modern inventions, the growth of the taste for luxury, and the capital and the enterprise that stand ready to supply it, have brought the Old and the New Worlds close together, and made the journey between them a delight instead of a penance.

While New York has more and more established its position as the western terminus of the Atlantic ferry, on the other side of the ocean the supremacy that Liverpool long held has in recent years been challenged by other ports. A couple of years ago, after the Inman line had





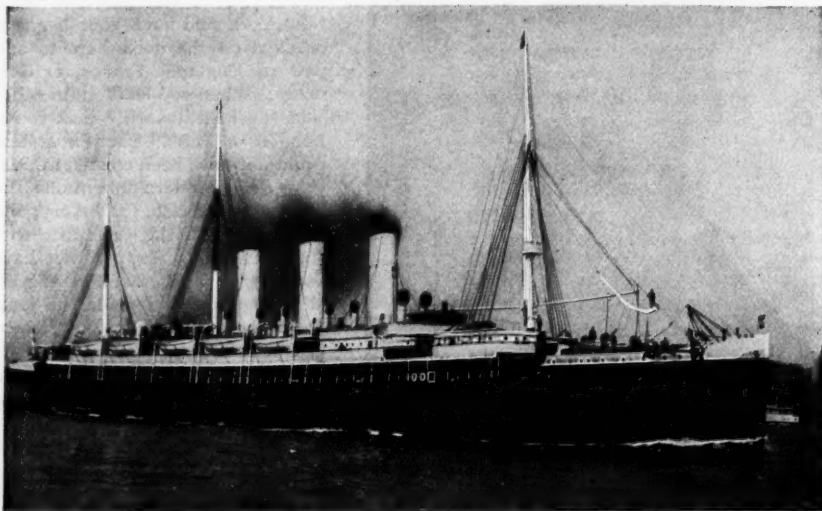
The American Line S. S. St. Louis.

become the American, its ships deserted the Mersey for Southampton. That is also the point at which the vessels of the two great German lines call on their way to Hamburg and Bremen; and these continental ports, and also Havre, are now of first rate importance in the commerce of the Atlantic.

In the building of great steamers, too, the same tendency is noticeable. The racers of the past were launched from British yards; today Germany, France, and America are turning out their own ships. The Normandie, twelve years ago, was the last vessel for which the Compagnie Transatlantique went to English shipwrights; its later boats have

been built at Toulon and St. Nazaire. The Hamburg-American line, whose fleet is of the very largest and finest, and whose earlier steamers were British built, ordered the Fürst Bismarck and the Augusta Victoria from the Vulcan company, of Stettin. The North German Lloyd took the same course with the Spree and the Havel. And this year will be memorable for the reappearance on the Atlantic of steamers designed and constructed by Americans, when the St. Louis and the St. Paul, now nearly completed by the Cramps, of Philadelphia, shall take their places with the New York and the Paris.

*George Holme.*



The Hamburg Line S. S. Augusta Victoria.





## RAINBOWS

THE clouds came up on a summer day,  
And covered a clear blue sky:  
They hid the face of the sun away,  
While the sudden storm swept by;  
And the stricken flowers, when the  
fierce wind blew,  
Bent low to the tempest's power;  
But they smiled, in spite of their tears  
of dew,  
In the rainbow, after the shower.

The clouds come up when our life is  
bright,  
And cover the sun away,  
And the heart grows chill in the sudden  
night,  
And longs for the vanished day.  
But the clouds pass by with the sum-  
mer rain,  
And then, like a storm tossed flower,  
The heart looks up, and is glad again  
In the rainbow, after the shower.

*May Hayden Taylor.*

## THE SINGERS OF CANADA.

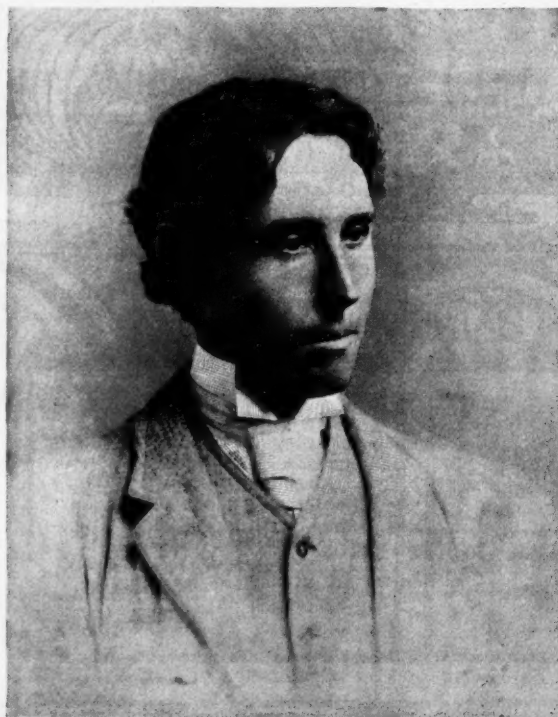
*The remarkable group of young verse writers whose work is the chief feature of the Canadian literature of the day—The achievements and the prospects of the northern school to which Carman, Roberts, Lampman, and Campbell belong.*

WHETHER it be the ultimate destiny of Canada to be merged with the United States, or to continue as a separate nationality or dependency, is a political problem which may have an important bearing upon the Canadian literature of the future. But in either event her intellectual individuality is not likely to perish. She may lose something of the vigorous vitality and tenser energy that mark the song of a nation conscious of its identity, but she will not cease to find inspiration in her past that shall more or less

inform her poetic expression. Chateaugay and Queenstown Heights will find their bards, whatever flag may float at Ottawa. The almost unknown empires of Canada's north and west will not cease to stir the imagination; her vast lands and resources to be conquered will for years to come give a pioneer virility to her song.

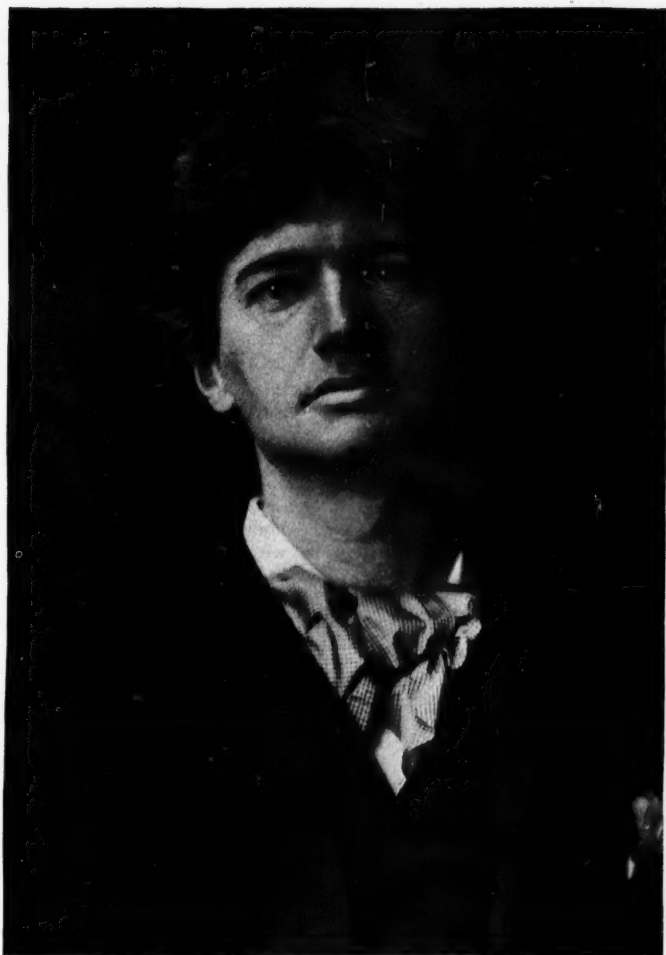
The folk lore of Canada, too, is rich in poetic material. Hitherto her poets have scarcely touched upon the floating remnants of old faiths and superstitions, surviving in the rites and customs of the people of Lower Canada. We have heard little of the strange mixture of Christian and Pagan merry making that marks so many of the festivals of the country, and that transports us back to the time when the now shadowy legend was the active and vivid experience of the dweller along the banks of the St. Lawrence. There is some recognition of this wealth of poetic material in the verse of W. W. Campbell, who has a poem on the *loup garou*—that extraordinary fancy which assumed that sorcerers took the form of wolves—but he fails to clothe it with the horror it bears in popular superstition.

There are inhabitants of Lower Canada whose grandsires saw and trembled for the darkness which fell on the Saguenay river on that day in the spring of 1782 when good Father Jean Baptiste was called to heaven. Nowhere is religion more



Archibald Lampman.

*From a photograph by Tojday, Ottawa.*



Bliss Carman.

*From a photograph by Miss Frances Johnston, Washington.*

real than to these French Canadians. There is a miracle on every bush; and who will care to quarrel with such faith, if the miracle will serve as material for art—if it is beautiful, as miracles ought to be?

In a country such as Canada, a colony whose life is modeled upon older social and political forms, it might be predicated with confidence that literature will follow lines already laid down, and will be imitative rather than originaive. The writers of such a country cannot reproduce its past, since it has no past; nor can they, in the absence of any strenuous national aspiration, appeal to the future. Yet, plausible as this theory may be, when we turn to the group of younger poets whose work is the most notable feat-

ure of contemporary Canadian literature, we are immediately struck by a predominating strain of originality, of natural freedom, spontaneous as a lark's note. These singers are not mere echoes. Their strong, unfettered verse comes of no transplanted origin; it is full of native vigor, of individual strength and charm. It is marked, too, by an absence of the restless and unhealthy spirit which mars so much of the poetry of the period. Here, in the tender, pastoral restfulness of Archibald Lampman's verse is the antidote for much of the superheated song with which the modern ear is vexed.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,  
But to stand free,  
says Lampman, and in this defiant utter-

ance is struck the keynote of much of the thought that informs the new harvest of song across the border.

Chief of this group of new Canadian singers, in the fervor of lyric outburst, in breadth and sweep, and in a far more intimate knowledge of nature than is possessed by his fellows, stands Bliss Carman. It is not too super-

difficult to distinguish Carman's work from that of his associate. The book is full of lyric touches, exhibiting his insight into nature and life, his picturesque fancy, his unconventional harmony of rhythm. It is instinct, too, with that outlawry of unsimulated Bohemianism which gives a delightful freedom to his song. How well is the barbaric fervor reproduced in the following:

Bowmen, shout for Gamelbar !  
Winds, unthrottle the wolves of war !  
Heave a breath  
And dare a death  
For the doom of Gamelbar !  
Wealth for Gamel,  
Wine for Gamel,  
Crimson wine for Gamelbar !  
  
Shout for Gamel, Gamelbar  
Till your throats can shout no more !  
Heave a cry  
As lie rideth by,  
Sons of Orm, for Gamelbar !



Duncan Campbell Scott.  
From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

lative praise of Carman, whom the *London Academy* placed in the front rank of lyrists in the English tongue, to say of him that he is the Canadian Tennyson, possessing within narrower limits than Tennyson a finer than Tennysonian art. In some respects no such poem has appeared in this generation as "Death in April," with its cumulative beauties, its exuberant richness of phrase, giving to every stanza the perfection of a completed song. It is a veritable dream of nature, touched with that mysticism which is Carman's most distinctive quality, and which makes him, as it made Shelley, a poets' poet.

"Low Tide on Grand Pré," published in 1893 by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago, is the volume that did most to make Carman's reputation. Some of his latest work is gathered in another collection called "Songs from Vagabondia," published in collaboration with Mr. Richard Hovey. It is not

Though Carman is quite a young man—he was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, just thirty four years ago—his fame has spread far beyond the bounds of Canada. In this country—where his books have been published, where he has contributed to several periodicals, and where he was for a time literary editor of the *Independent*—his work is familiar to all cultivated readers. We pass, therefore, to another, whose name, not unknown in the United States, yet occupies a position of less prominence.

Archibald Lampman, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in a village of western Ontario, and educated at Trinity University, where he took his degree in 1882. A year later he entered the post office department at Ottawa, where he is still employed. It was not until 1887 that he began to contribute occasional verses to the magazines, though he says of himself, "I have always been an incurable versifier." In 1888 he published a collection of poems entitled "Among the Millet," which brought him to the notice of the critics.

Mr. Howells ranks Lampman with the strongest of American singers. His knowledge of nature is something more than intellectual—it is affinitive. It is impossible not to feel that the passionate love of the country, of outdoor life, of the pastoral panorama, the brown bees, the birds, the brooks, the oxen, the grass, the sky, are not merely the furnishings of Lampman's verse, but the utterance of a close and genuine sympathy. And these objects, as he sees them, are transfused by a fancy never rising, perhaps, to the full strength of imagination, but soft, delicate, dreamy:

Hither and thither o'er the rocking grass,  
 The little breezes, blithe as they are blind,  
 Teasing the slender blossoms, pass and pass,  
 Soft footed children of the gipsy wind,  
 To taste of every purple fringed head  
 Before the bloom is dead ;  
 And scarcely heed the daisies that, endowed  
 With stems so short they cannot see, upbear  
 Their innocent, sweet eyes distressed, and  
     stare  
 Like children in a crowd.

marked contrast to the finely chiseled art of those pieces which exhibit his full powers.

It is with Professor Roberts that we first find a strain of patriotic exultation and pride of country. Take for instance such vigorous stanzas as—

O child of nations, giant limbed,  
 Who stand'st among the nations now  
 Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,  
 With unanointed brow,



Charles G. D. Roberts.

*From a photograph by Rice, Windsor, N. S.*

Charles G. D. Roberts, the Longfellow of Canada, and perhaps the most widely known of the young Canadian poets, was born in New Brunswick thirty odd years ago. He also is the son of a clergyman, and a university man, and is himself professor of English literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. His first collection of verse, "Orion and Other Poems," published in 1880, attracted the attention of Matthew Arnold, and began a friendship between the two men—whose work has many qualities in common—that was cut short by Arnold's death.

The most superficial criticism of Professor Roberts' published work cannot fail to discover that he writes too much. The trivial character of some of his verse is in

How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
 The trust in greatness not thine own?  
 Surely the lion's brood is strong  
 To front the world alone!

At other times his work is intellectual rather than imaginative:

Not in perfection dwells the subtler power  
 To pierce our mean content, but rather works  
 Through incompleteness, and the need that irks,  
 Not in the flower, but effort toward the flower.

This is the subtlety of the philosopher rather than that of the poet. But unlike Matthew Arnold, Roberts is not a mere intellect. He has an eye of great keenness for the beauty of natural scenery, and his ear is often delicate and fine. Yet it is impossible not to feel that in his sonnets descriptive of natural scenery his appreciation is intellectual rather than imaginative.



Black on the ridge against that lonely flush,  
 A cart and stoop necked oxen ; ranged beside,  
 Some barrels ; and the day worn harvest folk,  
 Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush  
 With hollow thunders. Down the dusk hillside  
 Lumbers the wain, and day fades out like  
 smoke.

Is not this careful and realistic enumeration  
 rather the effect of an almost photo-

Ah, poor the gift indeed, unless  
 Thou bring the old childheartedness.

And such a gift to bring is given,  
 Alas, to no wind under heaven.

Wind of the summer afternoon,  
 Be still—my heart is not in tune.

Sweet is thy voice, but yet, but yet,  
 Of all 'twere sweetest to forget.



E. Pauline Johnson

from a photograph by Cochran, Brantford.

graphic process than the imagination's  
 transfiguring touch?

Roberts' work is various in kind. He is  
 most poetical when least profound:

My heart, still is it satisfied  
 By all this golden summer tide?

Hast thou one eager yearning filled  
 Or any restless longing stilled?

Or hast thou any power to bear  
 Even a little of my care?

Yet not for all their quest of it have men  
 Cast wholly by the ignoble dread of truth ;  
 and its conclusion rising like a divine *Io*  
*Triumphe* :

The impulse and the quickening germ whereby  
 All things strive upward, reach toward greater  
 good ;

Till craving brute, informed with soul, grows  
 man,

And man turns homeward, yearning back to  
 God.

None of these young poets  
 is as versatile as Roberts; and  
 it may be because of his very  
 versatility that he fails to  
 reach the perfection of utter-  
 ance which so much of his  
 work promises, but fails to  
 realize. Lampman has but  
 one strain, but that one strain  
 is nearly perfect of its kind,  
 and mounts high. Roberts,  
 the river of whose song has  
 as many affluents as the  
 Mississippi, is nowhere as  
 clear, limpid, and strong as  
 his fellow singer. Yet look  
 at his variety of meters and  
 moods—from the hexameters  
 of "The Pipes of Pan" to  
 the Stedman-like verses,  
 "The Poet Bidden to Man-  
 hattan Island"; from the  
 deep religious sense of "The  
 Marvelous Work" to the  
 somewhat forbidden warmth  
 of "In Notre Dame." And  
 it is but fair to add that in  
 his latest volume, "Songs of  
 the Common Day," published  
 by the Longmans in 1893,  
 there is audible a deeper and  
 stronger tone than in any of  
 his earlier work.

"The Marvelous Work"  
 is a fine and thoughtful poem  
 in which Professor Roberts  
 gives expression to that re-  
 ligious faith which is else-  
 where seldom indicated. In  
 it occur the two memorable  
 lines worth quoting again  
 and again:



The poetry of Duncan Campbell Scott has the lyrical quality of Carman's, without Carman's subtlety; it is like the note of a bird—pure, unmixed song. The execution is often uneven, falling sometimes to the level of the commonplace; but rising, as in "The Country Churchyard," to heights over which all of these singers hold more or less partial sovereignty. There is in Scott, as in Lampman, a protest against "these headlong days"; a plea for art, and for the leisure necessary for art, which comes strangely from the young post office employee and from the chief clerk of the Indian department at Ottawa—for such is Scott's official post. The Canadian capital is his native city, and he has been in the government service since he entered it in 1879, at the age of seventeen.

Scott has the magic which fits words and phrases to his subject with a felicity that is not surpassed, if indeed it be equaled, in the work of any of his associates. Take for example the four opening lines of a poem called "A Night in March":

At eve the fiery sun went forth  
Flooding the clouds with ruby blood;  
Up roared a war wind from the north,  
And crashed at midnight through the wood;  
or the simplicity and charm of such lighter music as "The Sleeper," which opens with—

Touched with some divine repose  
Isabelle has fallen asleep.

There is a melancholy in Scott's verse—the tender melancholy of a fine, impressionable nature, that does not go outside of itself to borrow any fashionable anguish that it may peddle it out as poetry. It is not the melancholy that upbraids the gods, that rails at destiny, that is at war with the eternal law. It is full of resolution, and is content that life shall be faced calmly and bravely.

Let your soul grow a thing apart,  
Untroubled by the restless day,  
Sublimed by some unconscious art,  
Controlled by some divine delay.

For life is greater than they think  
Who fret along its shallow bars.

These lines are from "The Country Churchyard":

This is the acre of unfathomed rest.  
These stones, with weed and lichen bound,  
in close  
No active grief, no uncompleted woes,  
But only finished work and harbored quest,  
And balm for ills;  
And the last gold that smote the ashen west  
Lies garnered here beneath the harvest hills.

To the serious minded it is the superficial pains of life that constitute its sadness; the deepest undercurrents are those of an

abiding joy that does not break forth in words. This is why to the artist the daily life of man is a sad contemplation; and why the artist himself is the happiest of men;

For life is greater than they think  
Who fret along its shallow bars.



Frederick George Scott.  
From a photograph by Netman, Montreal.

Verse that differs strongly from that of the preceding writers is to be found in "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," published two years ago by J. H. Brown. Mr. Brown's work is of a more conventional order, and more infused with the personality of the author. He, too, is employed in the post office department at Ottawa, in which city he was born, of Irish parentage, in 1859. Ottawa has long been celebrated for the literary and scientific attainments of its official class; and to the fact that the public service seeks such men is due the fact that minds of this order seek the public service.

The influence of Whitman is discernible in Mr. Brown's work, though there is no slavish subservience to any model. There is less originality, less lyric impulsiveness, and less fancy and imagination, than in the poems of his fellows, but there is manly independence, serious thought, and force of expression. At times, too, there is a fanciful and delicate touch, as in these lines:

A sea of buttercups to pass,  
Foam white, with isles of daisy stars,  
To where the river, smooth as glass,  
Glides o'er its stones and shingly bars.

But this is not Mr. Brown's prevailing mood. The following is in his more habit-

comprise but a quarter of Mr. Cameron's life work. As he was barely thirty one when he died, such a literary monument bespeaks versatility and industry. His recognition was immediate and complete, but death came ere the young poet could reap the full harvest of merited fame.

There is an intensity of feeling in these poems of Cameron which lends itself to an intensity of expression. The passion is perhaps too passionate, the emotion too unrestrained. Yet one is borne along by the tempestuous democratic spirit of the song:

Without fair liberty to make  
The keystone of the world's  
whole plan,  
The arch we heap o'erhead  
will break,  
And some fair morrow morn  
will wake  
To find beneath the ruins  
—man !

I hold all royal right a lie  
Save that a royal soul hath  
wrought.

This from "Alexis Romanoff" has the true Swinburnian swing:

There are thunders of cheers  
on the street,  
They are smiting and striking  
the air ;  
Is it right ? Is it well ? Is  
it meet ?

What deed hath he done  
who is there,  
That the people should lie at  
his feet ?

ual manner, and is a good thought well expressed:

Love keeps the key to hearts ; and true love  
may

Win entrance even unto the courts of heaven.  
Love is the peer of thought, the master, say ;  
Who loves, to him life's treasures shall be  
given.

Humility may soar to stellar heights,  
With calm, unflinching gaze may front the  
morning,

Or in the midday dazzle wheel his flights,  
Hate, pride, and fear unfelt, or lightly scorn-  
ing ;

And what ambition's eager angels never  
May find, love's fools may win and keep for-  
ever.

A volume of George Frederick Cameron's poems, collected and edited by his brother, lies before me. It contains nearly two hundred poems, and is said by the editor to

It is not unusual for young poets to grow eloquent and fiery over the wrongs inflicted by tyrants. Their resentment, whether real or simulated, is always more or less injurious to the artistic excellence of their work ; and there is usually a political and philosophical crudity inseparable from such emotional outbursts. Our own Whittier, for example, suffers from the introduction of the purely personal element in poems which voice his convictions as to slavery. And it is impossible to exonerate Mr. Cameron from the same errors of judgment in his verses to the Czar, who seemed to him to embody all that is most hateful and deadening in despotism.

But this young poet had more than a common grasp of the knowledge of men and things. That he had lived a long life in his thirty years the scope of his thoughts



J. H. Brown.

*From a photograph by Pittaway, Ottawa.*

and song attests. With a "proud humility," he was conscious of possessing the poetic gift—

A gift more perilous than the painter's ; he  
In his divinest moments only sees  
The inhumanities of color ; we  
Feel each and all the inhumanities.

And that higher knowledge which is independent of the gusts of passion is often present in some of the strong, firm lines that come from his hand, as in these three, which begin a sonnet of much force and dignity:

Wisdom immortal from immortal Jove  
Shadows more beauty with her virgin brows  
Than is between the pleasant breasts of love.

The following thought, old as it is, Cameron restated with a compactness and completeness rarely given it:

Dear friend, I know the world is kin,  
And all of hate is but a breath ;  
We all are friends made perfect in  
Our near relationship to death.

"Death," the poem from which these lines are taken, is full of lyric catches and subtleties of sound. For example :

We see her lying pale, supine,  
With wild red roses twined with fair  
About her throat and in her hair,  
And on her bosom—all divine  
If but a little life were there.

This is from a poem on Shelley, with whose gift of musical verse Cameron may well have felt an affinity :

For spirits are not as men ; these did not know  
An angel had been with them on the earth,  
A singer who had caused a glorious birth  
Of glorious after singers here below,  
Where much was sung and little sung of  
worth.

I see the stars about thee as a girth,  
The moon in splendor standing by thy side  
And lesser moons that evermore do glide  
About her circling, making songs of mirth,  
And o'er thy head supreme Apollo in his  
pride !

Here is a graceful lyric that pleases me more than anything else in Cameron's volume, and which I quote complete :

#### BON VOYAGE.

A pleasant journey o'er the rough  
Atlantic waves, with happy noons,  
Auspicious evenings, and enough  
Of cloudless nights and milk white moons.

A pleasant journey through the climes  
Of love and lore and sun and snow ;  
May all your times be summer times,  
And joy go with you as you go.

And when familiar to your ken  
Are Goth and Greek and Turk and Russ  
And all the rest of them, why, then  
A pleasant journey back to us.

A pleasant journey o'er the tide  
Of time, where tempests oft prevail ;  
May friends be with you and abide,  
And trade winds take you as you sail.

And lastly I would wish you, sweet,  
Beyond earth's utmost bounds and bars—  
Along that undiscovered street—  
A pleasant journey to the stars !

W. W. Campbell is the author of "Snow Flakes," "Lake Lyrics," and "The Dread Voyage," and his fame in Canada is perhaps as wide as that of Lampman or Roberts. Mr. Campbell is a rhetorician rather than a poet. He has caught, however, a sympathetic knowledge of a certain aspect of nature, and without the joyousness of Lampman, the exhilarant music of Carman, or the subtlety of Scott, his pictures of lake scenery have an individual charm, born of a fancy that is a little too somber to be entirely wholesome. But such, it may be said, is the aspect of these inland seas, and Campbell's imagination is of a strange likeness to the nature it broods upon. "The Dread Voyage" is a poem which Poe might have written. Indeed, there is much throughout in Campbell which reminds one of Poe.

"The Unabsolved" is a characteristic piece of Campbell's work—the story of an unhappy soul racked by the remembrance of a dark episode in the Arctic seas, when, sent forward by a rescuing party, and desecrating those of whom he was in search, he had returned with craven heart, and on his trembling lip the black lie that in all those desolate and silent reaches of ice no human thing had met his eye. The story is told with a vividness that evinces a strong dramatic instinct.

It does not enter within our present scope to refer to French Canadian poetry, of which there is much that has undoubted merit, and has gained the favor of transatlantic criticism. There are other writers of English verse, however, who should be mentioned. Frederic George Scott is one of these. What could be better than the opening stanza of his "In Via Mortis," in which the thought moves in accord with the singular dignity of the lines ?—

Oh, ye great company of dead that sleep  
Under the world's green rind, I come to you,  
With warm, soft limbs, with eyes that laugh  
and weep,  
Heart strong to love, and brain pierced  
through and through—  
With thoughts whose rapid lightnings make  
my day—

To you my life stream courses on its way  
Through margin shallows of the eternal deep.

E. Pauline Johnson is another Canadian

verse writer, interesting because of her origin. She was born on the Grand River, near Brantford, Ontario, and is the daughter of Chief Johnson, a full blooded Mohawk Indian. She has recited her poetry before American and English audiences, heightening its effect by donning aboriginal costumes. I confess, however, that her Indian pieces are to me the least attractive of her compositions. I like best "The Song My Paddle Sings," in which words and music admirably fit the theme.

Though most of her work has been done in the fields of fiction and journalism, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald has shown a high and undoubted capacity for song. Born in Canada, of English Quaker parentage, and educated at Friends' schools in New York and Ontario, her first literary venture was a poem sent to *St. Nicholas*. For a time she was an editorial writer on the *Toronto Globe*; and for three years she did almost all the editorial work on *Wives and Daughters*, a monthly published in London, Ontario. She has contributed to other periodicals, and has written a novel, "The Algonquin Maiden," in collaboration. Her best verses, probably, are a series of sonnets contributed to the *Toronto Week*.

Another female singer, too early passed away, was Isabel Valancy Crawford, author of some scattered pieces of rare poetic merit. Miss Crawford was born in Dublin, Ireland, and died in Canada nine years ago. Of her vivid verse, and of its verbal beauty, these highly imaginative landscape pictures may serve as examples:

High grew the snow beneath the low hung sky,  
And all was silent in the wilderness;  
In trance of stillness nature heard her God  
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veil'd her face.

The land had put his ruddy gauntlet on,  
Of harvest gold, to dash in famine's face;  
And like a vintage wain, deep dyed with juice,  
The great moon falter'd up the ripe, blue sky,  
And drawn by silver stars—like oxen white  
And horned with rays of light.

Mrs. S. Francis Harrison has published a volume of poems, dealing chiefly with

French subjects, entitled "Pine Rose and Fleur de Lis." Her chief faults are a laborious gorgeousness of phrase and a cold artificiality; but she has a facile style, a good vocabulary, and is capable of better work than she has yet done. It is but just to say that her poems are much admired in Canada.

Agnes Maule Machar, though better known as a novelist, has written some creditable verse. So has W. D. Lighthall, to whom is due the thanks of all lovers of poetry for his admirable collection of "Songs of the Great Dominion"; and so, too, has Peter McArthur, a young verse maker of promise, now resident in New York.

Here we must bring this brief and necessarily inadequate study of a rare harvest of song to a close. Canada is in herself an inspiration for the poet. And while these singers have all imbibed something of the haunting spirit of her woods and inland seas, the variety of her folk lore, and the kaleidoscopic lights and shades of her panorama, the poet who shall do in verse for the land and its history what Parkman, with a poet's warmth and imagination, has done in prose, has yet to inscribe his name on the scroll of Canadian literature. It may be that from this group will emerge the bard upon whose shoulders shall fall the mantle of the splendid destiny selecting him as the regal genius to carry forward the message of the Canadian world, the promise and the potency of all it holds. It is to the future rather than to the past that these true servants of song are turning.

A child of empire, and almost the latest born of Britain, Canada is yet neither British nor French. Though a province of a world circling imperial system, her government is as free as ours, and her proximity to the Great Republic helps to make her aspirations republican. Her tendencies run in many rivers, rather than in one broad stream, and her literature is sure to reflect this diversity, and to grow with the political growth of the country.

Joseph Dana Miller.

#### THE FISHER'S FARE.

HUNGER and cold, the fisher's fare,  
Empty seines and perils to dare,  
Fortune with more of ebb than flow,  
Dangers that none but he may know;  
Yet never a song more gay and free  
Than that of the fisher is on the sea.

Frank H. Sweet.



## COLT, OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN.

THERE are, in the United States army, men whose parents belong to almost every walk in life; but I doubt if there was ever before an officer with Colt's disadvantages in the way of antecedents. His father had been an Irish hod carrier, and his mother a German baker; and as for Colt himself, he had received his early education on the streets of San Francisco, where he was known as a "hoodlum" by the newspapers and reformers, and as a "little hude" by his associates.

As a boy of twelve he found his way into that school of vicious learning, the district messenger service; yet it was here that he took his first step up. He was left to wait in a gentleman's office one day, and with that utter disregard for district messenger boys which we all feel, the men in the next room went on with their conversation. It was a confidential talk between two business men relative to a third, and in it Colt learned that even in San Francisco men could not buy everything with money; that there was a respect which some of the great millionaires on Nob Hill did not command. It sounds very trite to us, but it was revelation to the stocky little fellow sitting huddled in a chair, with a yellow dime novel in his hand. Before that he had always intended to be a millionaire himself, and to live on Nob Hill. He was laying the foundations of his fortune by a series of speculations in all sorts of commodities, from tips on race horses to newspapers. But it appeared from what these men were saying that money by itself—all by itself—wasn't everything; and Colt went away dazed.

A month later a great general visited San Francisco, and Colt learned his story through the newspapers. From that moment he made up his mind to be a soldier—not a common soldier through the recruiting office, but a West Point man. He was thirteen when this ambition took hold upon him, and as usual he did not dreaming about it. He knew where the recruiting office was, and he paid the officer in charge a visit, calmly stated his intention, and asked for the necessary particulars.

Upon the part of the young man in charge there was some inclination to guy. Colt wasn't a handsome boy. He had the Irish-

man's round head and keen, gray eyes, with something distinctly German about the rest of his face; but the lieutenant discovered, in a remark or two, that he was being kept close to the subject under discussion, and he told Colt all the necessary requirements for entering the Point.

"But," he said, "you must remember that you will have to be appointed. The best thing for you would be to enlist for promotion."

"I need to go to the big school. A man wants to learn more things than one, I'm thinkin'," Colt answered, and went out, leaving the lieutenant with an incident to work into a tale of his experiences in a recruiting office.

Colt went to night school, and found a place as office boy. When he was sixteen, he had managed to obtain the questions given at examinations at West Point, each year, and had satisfied himself that he could answer them. Then he made a visit to a San Francisco politician. Colt always went to the point.

"They say you are going to run for Congress, sir," he said.

Now the politician had supposed this to be a secret between himself and his henchmen, and he promptly asked Colt what in the deuce he meant.

"I heard it. Everybody in my ward is talking about it. I came over to say that I thought I could help you over there, if we could make a bargain."

The would-be Congressman had a bland sense of humor, and he politely invited this boy of the streets to sit down. Colt took the chair with self possession, and then told his plans. He wanted to go to West Point. He had a good many friends in his ward; several of them influential saloon keepers, and if the appointment was promised him, he would attend to the voting over there.

Now, as Colt knew, the ward was a shaky one, and he had been making friends there for two years, ever since he had heard of the necessity of an appointment for the furthering of his ambitions. The newspapers and the street life and the district messenger service had educated Colt.

The politician promised. He was ready to promise anything just now; and—which



was not so much a matter of course—when he carried the ward he kept his pledge.

That was Colt's story.

Life hadn't all been roses for him since then. He discovered that there were wheels within wheels even in the United States army, and that his lack of influential friends was a disadvantage to him. He might remain a second lieutenant for a good many years. But just at the moment Colt was not caring. A sudden, dazzling light had come over all the earth. A woman stood in the middle of the brightness, and he had lost all sight of himself.

Colt had never known society. The girls who had visited West Point had looked at him admiringly. He had not grown very tall, but every muscle was so strong and full of action that he could not but be graceful. At the riding exercises and in the drill Colt was always conspicuous. The other men liked him for his common sense shrewdness and wit. Perhaps there were some, knowing his origin, who were a little snobbish and patronizing, but Colt never noticed. Out here at the New Mexican post, he was one of the best liked men, but I doubt if there was one who would not have been astonished if he had known that Colt was looking at Miss Stanberry.

Miss Stanberry was the daughter of a New York man who had invested a little slice of his enormous fortune in New Mexican mines, and had seen it grow into another fortune. His property had become so valuable that he had come out to pay it a visit, and had brought his daughter with him. There were no hotels nearer than the one in the little canyon post, and here they had come, with boxes, and maids, and riding horses, and an exciting sense of roughing it.

It was springtime, and the Indians had made their usual sally from the reservation toward Mexico. Most of the officers were out in the field heading them back. Colt, the adjutant, was the only unmarried officer at the post; and so his attentions to Miss Stanberry were only natural. When a girl is in an army post, of course any wearer of buttons and blue is better than none.

Colt was living in a fairy tale. Never, as long as he lived, would he forget the morning when he walked into the little dining room of the hotel and saw her there. There was a strange brightness in all the place. It seemed to Colt that it streamed out at the door before he reached it. When he was a little boy, he had been taken to church and had been shown the halos about the heads of the blessed saints; and he saw the same

divine light streaming behind Helen Stanberry's tightly braided black hair. To her father, it was only the open door and the sunshine on the plain; but Colt mentally crossed himself. For all his early experiences, he had the purity of heart of the Irish peasant. He had seen life, and had been disgusted with dissipation, before he was old enough to share in it. He had been sent as a messenger boy into gilded hells after one night's gilt had worn off, and before it had been put on for the next evening; and tawdry wickedness was no temptation to him. There was in his heart, as there is in the heart of every young man, a chamber set apart as a sanctuary for some woman. Sometimes such a place is as full of rubbish as a glory hole, but Colt's was speckless and spotless, and Helen Stanberry's image was set up there with a shock as of worlds meeting.

A great and wonderful thing had happened to Colt, and he knew it. The mystery of life had come to him.

As for Helen, she looked up from her tough beefsteak with happy, girlish eyes at the first specimen of an army officer she had seen, and decided that he did not show up very well. His nose was blistered by the sun, his eyes were small, and his yellow Saxon mustache was two or three shades lighter than his bronzed cheeks. When she heard his voice, though, it made her look at him again. It was a rich, musical baritone, and the words came out as if the speaker knew their exact meaning, and meant that you should understand it too, even though it were only in ordering eggs.

Colt met her that evening, and the good natured colonel suggested that he should take her to ride up the canyon. As the young lieutenant came up from his quarters behind the hotel, and turned the corner, he saw the stout chaplain of the post sprawling along the piazza rail, talking to Miss Stanberry and her father, and he could hear every word said in the high, preaching voice.

"It's a pity, dear young lady, that some of our own officers are not here to show you the post and give you a good time—I'd even let 'em dance with you. It wouldn't hurt 'em."

Colt's mouth lifted a trifle at one corner at the thought of old Barnes "letting" anybody do anything. He seldom preached, because not a soul would listen to him.

"Colt is a commissioned officer, of course," Barnes went on, "but by birth he belongs in the stable—or the kitchen. His mother once visited him. She made ginger cakes

in San Francisco for a cent apiece, and suggested carrying on a bakery in connection with the sutler's store here in the post."

"Remarkable how a man can rise above circumstances," Mr. Stanberry said.

"You ought to have Hunter here," the chaplain added. "He belongs to one of our own old Virginia families. Yaas, sir, I'm from Roanoke."

And then Colt, natty in his riding breeches, came around and lifted Miss Stanberry into her saddle, his face absolutely impassive. If there was a heartache anywhere, he pretended it did not exist, and said to himself that he was glad that Miss Stanberry knew all about him.

It may be that in her desire to show that she had no snobbishness, the acquaintance-ship ran along more easily than it might otherwise have done, but when two young people are thrown together morning, noon, and night, and one is beautiful and sweet, and the other is manly and clever, they usually find that topics of conversation do not lag. They talked of everything—and at last of themselves.

"I wonder you are a soldier," Helen said one day. "Father says you have such clever ideas about business. There seems to be little to do out here."

"I have entered into a contract to do that little," Colt replied. "I guess I shall stick to it."

"Wouldn't you like to live in the East?"

"That would depend upon whether the people I cared for lived there. I could be happy on a desert island with the person I cared for."

"Oh, so could I," Helen said, and then, remembering that the desert island was a hard worked topic of conversation, they both blushed.

Colt put all his German steadfastness down upon his hot Irish heart.

"She is a million miles above me," he said to himself, "but I can look at her and worship her. It is a joy to do that."

One night, after he had gone to bed, and was lying there with a new book, he heard a little tap, tap, at his wire screen. He did not wait. It might be an Indian. He took his revolver with one hand, and turned out his light with the other. He must not be a mark in the lighted room. Then he walked toward the screen.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Colt, open your door and let me in," said a voice which the young officer recognized as belonging to Hunter, the Adonis of the regiment, who was supposed to be in the field. Colt complied at once,

and admitted a tall, rather swaggering figure, unshaven and dusty, with an old red rag of a handkerchief about his throat and a slouch hat on his head, but as picturesque and handsome as a man could be.

"For the love of the Lord give me a B. and S. I'm about dead," Hunter said.

"What's wrong? Where are your men?" Colt asked anxiously, as he poured out the brandy.

"They are all right. There isn't an Indian in two hundred miles. I left them with Simms, and came out to reconnoiter."

"Reconnoiter where?"

"Over at the Last Chance, if you want to know. The fact is, Colt, I'm in a devil of a mess, and I want you to help me out."

"Been speculating in wild cats?"

"Well that's a way of putting it. I've been speculating in one wild cat, and I'm finding it expensive. It isn't the money I mind, because I'm going to borrow that, and if you don't ask for good security it's your own lookout; but it's the settling it with her. I believe she'll kill me if I come near her again. I just escaped with my life tonight," and Hunter turned around the sleeve of his old blue blouse and showed the hole made by a bullet fired at such close quarters that the fabric was burned. "I wouldn't have come to you if there had been anything else to do," he concluded.

"Suppose you tell me what you are talking about," Colt suggested.

"It's that daughter of Christy's, the foreman of the Last Chance. She isn't behaving well at all; seems to think I'd some notion of marrying her. I want you to go over there, give her a thousand dollars, and send her East. You can talk a dog away from a bone. Tell her it's the only thing she can do."

Colt looked at him for a moment with a strong inclination to strike the handsome face. Then he realized that this was no more than he expected of Hunter. It was not so much the cool request for a thousand dollars. Colt had been living in such a rarefied atmosphere lately that he had forgotten the sordid world. But he couldn't make himself Hunter's assistant, and he told him so.

"Write her a letter," he said. "I will lend you the money to put in it, and I will send it to her."

"No, sirree," Hunter replied, slapping his hand on the table. "You don't get me down in writing. Now what's the matter with you taking that money over to the girl? She will kill me if I go near her."

"She ought to."

"Maybe. Confound it, Colt, if you won't go I'll have to send Simms, and he never could hold his tongue. What's the use of spreading that girl's story all over the Territory? She's not a bad girl."

"I'll go," Colt said.

"By the way, I hear you've got the owner of the Last Chance and his daughter staying here, and that she's a beauty, with all those millions——"

Something in the other man's face stopped Hunter. He could not afford to displease Colt now.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if that Irish boy has fallen in love with the heiress! That would be funny. Hunter, my boy," he went on, as he galloped away towards his camp, after he had slipped through the sentries, "you might be looking about for a place to hang up your own hat."

As he stepped out of the little cottage above the dump, where the foreman of the Last Chance lived, Colt came face to face with Miss Stanberry, her father, and the chaplain, who had found them in the village about the mine and clung to them.

"Mr. Colt has probably been visiting his friends," Barnes giggled. "Christy has a pretty daughter. That is the trouble with having such men in the army. They marry in their own class, and mortify the ladies."

The next day, when Colt went up to the hotel, he was told that Miss Stanberry was engaged and asked to be excused. In the afternoon Hunter and Simms came in from the field. Presently all the stragglers from the post wandered back, and there was life and gaiety, and plenty of talk concerning Hunter and Miss Stanberry. Every veranda echoed with versions of it.

One night Colt sat in the shadow of his window until Hunter came by. Then he stepped out into the moonlight and stopped him. True to his brutal frankness, he went straight to the point.

"Are you going to ask Miss Stanberry to marry you?" he asked.

Hunter hesitated.

"I want to tell you that if you are—if you do not stop paying your attentions to her—I will go to her father and tell him what a scoundrel you are."

"You infernal little cad!" Hunter said passionately.

"I may be a cad. I suppose you call it that when a man tries to save a woman from something worse than death. If I saw her in any other danger, it would be my duty to go to her father and save her from it. It is only the worthlessness of another man that it is caddish to tell."

Hunter seemed to be turning something over in his mind. Perhaps it was the possible consequences of a quarrel with Colt here and now.

"How are you going to prove what you threaten?" he said finally. "Who gave that girl the money? Who sent her East? Yes; I am going to marry Miss Stanberry."

There was no time for more words. There came a rush as of concerted sound through the post, the rapid fall of feet on the hard baked earth, and the floating call of a bugle. With the trained instinct that goes ahead of reason, both men wheeled and ran to learn the news. A ranchman's family had been found dead at the very gates of the reservation, killed by Indians.

"Let me go after them," Colt pleaded to the colonel.

"I will. You and Hunter shall take out thirty men. Try to catch them by day-break."

Trotting side by side, speechless, their hearts all the blacker because duty had put her hand between them, the two men rode out upon the moonlit plain. All night, all the next day, they traveled on a broad trail, and on Saturday night camped where a little circle of rocks threw itself up and out of the flatness. A stream of water, like a thread, trickled down here. Sunday morning was still in its gray heat when there was the crack of a rifle, a puff of smoke, and one of the troopers put his hands to his waist, bent, and fell dead. Every man sprang for his horse and held his rifle.

Why should I tell the story of an Indian fight, with all its horrors? Over and over it has been told to deaf ears. Thirty brave men hemmed in and surrounded by three hundred savages—this is too old a story to thrill. Before they have buried their dead, some Congressman will be standing in the council of the nation calling them "brass buttoned dudes."

Sundown found twelve men dead, seven unwounded, and their plight hopeless. Colt's right arm hung in an improvised sling, broken by one of the bullets a wise government gives to the Indians. Hunter was lying on the ground with a ball in his hip. As darkness began to creep down, the Indians drew off. They could be patient. There was another day, and little work for them to do.

Colt called a young fellow to him. He was a yellow haired boy just out from the East, with the tan of the Territory not yet on his cheeks. The lieutenant took his note book from his pocket, and with his left hand painfully scrawled two notes.

One was to the commandant of the post, and one to Helen Stanberry. In the first he said:

"Our case is hopeless. We have only seven men left, and are surrounded by three hundred Indians, who can gallop around the rock and pick us all off whenever they care to risk our fire. I consider it my duty to take this one chance of reaching you."

To Helen Stanberry he wrote:

"We shall all be dead by sunrise, and for myself I would not have it otherwise. If I lived, I would never have told you; but it cannot hurt you to know that a man who is dead loved you with his whole heart."

And then Colt asked the boy if he would try to slip by the Indians before the moon came up.

"It will be death if you stay. It can be no worse if you go. There is one chance in a thousand for you."

"I cannot bring the troops before morning. We are seventy five miles from the post," the boy said. He knew that morning meant death.

"Take these despatches," Colt answered.

As night came down, one or two of the men slept, but Hunter and Colt both moved uneasily, wakefully. Finally Hunter spoke. He seemed to have forgotten their quarrel for the moment.

"Colt," he said, taking his revolver from its holster, "before those devils come I am going to kill myself. It is the only thing to do. Custer killed himself, beyond a doubt. Why should I stay to brave the tortures of fiends?"

"I have a slight prejudice, meself," Colt replied, with a suggestion of the vernacular of his childhood, "against going in anywhere before I am invited. I'll see it out."

He looked toward the stiff row of bodies which had been laid along by the rocks. One or two of the wounded men were delirious, and talked loudly. Colt gave one of them a drink from the spring.

"I am going to lie here all night, and when morning comes, and I hear the tramp of their horses as they close on us, I am going to put this bullet through my brain," Hunter said.

"It will doubtless save you suffering," Colt returned coldly, and moved on.

The night seemed never ending. Although they knew that it was their last, that they were condemned men, they longed for the hours to pass. Anything, even death, was better than this horror of inaction. Many of the men wrote letters, and put them like amulets around their necks. The

Indians would steal their clothes, but they had learned a superstitious awe of charms.

As the moon went down, and there was the whisper in the cactus leaves that tells of coming dawn, the earth seemed to stir. They all felt it. It was as if a covey of birds had taken flight near them.

"The Indians are gathering. I know they are moving nearer," old Sergeant Flynn whispered.

Then a yellow light shot up over the distant mountains, and day was upon them. Every man stood ready with his rifle; only Hunter fingered his revolver, sitting up against the rocks.

There was a stir in the earth again, now; it was the pound, pound, of horses' feet—horses galloping furiously. The charge would pass over them when it turned that rock, like a summer storm sweeping away a leaf. There was a crack in the rock by Colt's head, and as a sunbeam pierced it he turned and looked. As he gazed, his face grew ashy, and his eyes, like some piece of mechanism, followed Hunter's finger on the trigger. Did he want to see him die? Did he want to know, before his own fate overcame him, that Helen Stanberry was forever safe from his cowardly rival?

In another second the horsemen would round the rock, and Hunter, his face ghastly, but determined, pulled the trigger. The bullet went wild. Colt had thrown himself upon his rival, and had knocked the revolver into the air. The fiend that had tempted him went with it, just as the shouting and cheering miners from the Last Chance swept around the rocks.

The miners had started out after the soldiers, and had met the boy messenger, with his warning, a dozen miles away.

"Where is he?" Colt asked anxiously.

"We sent him on with the despatches," one of the volunteers told him.

Three nights later, Colt's arm had been dressed and he lay on the couch in his own sitting room. The smoke from his striker's pipe came through the window, and gave him a pleasant sense of companionship, which he gratefully accepted. To pity himself because he was lonely enough to find comfort in a curl from a soldier's pipe was a morbidity beyond Colt.

He was going over and over again his letter to Helen Stanberry. He had not kept his word and died, and the confession looked like a cheap trick. What would she think of it? He dreaded her father's judgment. The two had looked at each other with friendship, as honest man to honest man, and Colt felt that he had taken an un-



fair advantage. He gave a sigh for all that he had lost.

He knew that Hunter did not stand in his way. Hunter had had the decency to tell him that, as the ambulance lumbered home with them.

"She never even let me come to the point," he had said lightly. Getting back to life had made the world seem once more gay and rosy to Hunter's careless eyes, and he bore no lasting or serious malice toward anybody.

As Colt lay there in the darkness, there was the rustle of a woman's skirt on the ve-

randa, and a man's voice speaking to the striker.

"Can Mr. Colt see a lady?" Mr. Stanberry asked.

Colt was not slow. Through his quick intelligence the question carried all its meaning. She would not come to him, unless— Her father would not bring her, unless—

And when the white figure came through the door, half shyly, alone, Colt, silhouetted against the moon white window, with all his burning heart on his lips, sat up to meet her.

*John Lloyd.*

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#### ESTRANGEMENT.

TONIGHT I feel the magic of a spell  
That steals upon me—whence I cannot tell—  
That breathes of thee, O tender, manly heart;  
And in the silence of the night I start  
And seem to feel thy hand within my own.  
O friend, I dream! For still am I alone.  
In some far land where summer ever smiles  
Thou hearest sighs of winds from sunlit isles;  
Light airs bring scents like ruby hearted wine  
From strange, sweet flowers that round thy window twine.  
Ah, in that land how swiftly fly thine hours,  
Wooded unto rest by sun kissed lotus flowers.  
Pain would I have thee sleep in peace—and yet,  
O friend, the lotus blooms make men forget!  
Half glad, half sad, I dream my dreams of thee,  
And heart seeks heart o'er countless leagues of sea.  
The wan, white moon is cold, dear heart—how cold!  
And night's black shades with fears my dreams enfold  
Lest thou forget our boyhood's careless days,  
When arm in arm we trod enchanted ways,  
No sin to mar, no doubt to cloud our love,  
That shone as steadfast as the stars above,  
The holiest passion known to life's brief span—  
The heart to heart pure love of man for man!  
O best beloved, beware the strange perfumes  
That, breathing Lethe, lurk in lotus blooms!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*



## THE HORSELESS AGE.

*Facts and forecasts which seem to indicate that "the horse must go"—The opinions of Chauncey M. Depew and other notables on the carriage of the future.*

THE question, "When will the horse cease to be a necessity for traffic and pleasure in America?" is perhaps nearer solution than the public imagines.

The Paris-Bordeaux race of automobile carriages, to be run in June, or the beginning of July, promises to foreshadow the approach of the horseless period. The retirement of the graceful quadraped in favor of an inanimate machine of superior speed, and requiring a minimum of outlay in care and cost, has been threatened ever since 1805 or 1806, when John Stevens of Hoboken memorialized the Legislature of New York, urging the building of railroads "which would permit locomotion at the rate of twenty to thirty miles per hour, with the prospect of increase to one hundred miles."

When, twenty years later, Gridley Bryant ran his pioneer steam cars over four miles of "iron ways"—as rails were then called—to connect his quarries in Quincy, Massachusetts, with the nearest tide water, enthusiastic advocates of steam power predicted that the days of the horse were numbered. The fact that steam carriages were about to take the places of mail coaches was adduced as an additional indication of progress in that respect.

But, lo, "opposing interests"—horse breeders and owners, not to mention the sporting fraternity—killed the automobile carriage undertaking. The very factor that had given it birth—the railroads—helped to bury it. Oliver Evans drove a dredging machine by its own steam through the streets of Philadelphia in 1804; in 1833, twenty two steam passenger coaches were employed in and about London; but during the following quarter of a century all experiments of the kind were discontinued, and the horse once more held undisputed sway on the streets and highways for purposes of utility and pleasure.

Next to "hostile legislation," the competition of the locomotive, and, in a lesser degree, the unsuitableness of the roads—next to these, the crude construction of the automobile vehicle was responsible for its failure. The engines of all the early types

were not economical, and they required constant supervision. The large amount of fuel necessary to produce low pressure, and the cumbersomeness of the whole affair, tended to keep the speed below the horse standard, though, of course, the propelling power of the machine was comparatively great.

Even in those days, it needed but a person of average intelligence to see that the true motor vehicle, for passenger service, must be little heavier than the ordinary carriage, while the traction engine, for freight, should not be more cumbersome than the regulation wagon or cart. Ability to start and stop instantly, and to dispense with a professional conductor, is also requisite. A power vehicle, built on those lines, would make not only the mare, but the horse go.

The forthcoming Paris-Bordeaux races—"the competition of carriages without horses"—are to demonstrate whether the end of the century will fulfil the promise of the beginning; whether the long delayed, oft attempted invention has been completed by the creation and adoption of a type of automobile carriage that is at once free from danger, and the management of which calls but for the exercise of ordinary skill. The Paris *Petit Journal*, as it did last year, will manage the affair; the race is to be international in the broadest sense, and unrestricted as to the employment of motive systems. In 1894, one hundred and two different types of vehicles were entered, but of actual competitors there were only forty two; the majority begged to be excused at the last moment, either because they were not ready to take the world into their confidence, or because their contrivances had in one way or another failed to fulfil expectations. Among the disappointed, it is understood, were several inventors of promising gravity motors, which proposed to utilize the weight of the passengers, or the dead weight of the load, respectively, for motive power.

Of the competitors who started, and took prizes, eleven employed petroleum motors,

two used gasoline, and two steam, generated by coke. As machines of the two former types made almost as good time as one propelled by steam, it was argued that they would eventually be the ones to replace the horse, the more so as the fuel required (kerosene and gasoline) can be had everywhere.

Strange to say, America was not represented in the race, though the Columbian Exposition had proved that American inventors were busy with the subject. An electric wagon for six persons was shown at Chicago, which, it was claimed, was capable of being charged for a sixty mile trip. The great drawback to it was its enormous weight, which was in the neighborhood of a ton. Another carriage without horses, exhibited at the Fair, was the motor quadricycle. Ten people could be accommodated in it, and a gasoline motor furnished power. The quadricycle weighed nearly a thousand pounds, a circumstance that prohibited its use on the majority of American roads, though in Europe the machine might have done very well. As the French race was free to all competitors, either of the vehicles might have been entered, though their success would have been very doubtful at best.

The "carriage without horses" which won the prize of five thousand francs "for its practical construction, absolute safety, and general efficiency, as well as economy," was the Daimler motor, which, in improved form, is to be put upon the American market shortly. One of the best known and richest firms of New York is to begin the wholesale manufacture of this vehicle in May of this year, and promises to turn out passenger coaches for pleasure and street traffic, capable of attaining and surpassing the average horse's gait. The driver turns a switch, and the vehicle moves at a speed of three and a half miles an hour; another pressure of the button moves it six miles, another nine miles, and a fourth fourteen miles, its maximum pace. The speed can be regulated with precision, safety, and convenience while the vehicle is in motion. The machine overcomes grades of from ten to twelve feet in a hundred without trouble. Its cost is estimated at one cent per hour and per horse power used. Sufficient fuel, gasoline or petroleum, can be stored away to last for twenty hours.

An American gentleman who has but recently returned from France says that a great number of the vehicles under discussion are already in actual use on the European continent, and that he never heard of

any sort of accident arising from the motive power.

A fourteen mile speed is also claimed for the horseless vehicle manufactured by a firm in Des Moines, Iowa. It is propelled by electricity after a peculiar and original system, and its inventor, a Mr. Morrison, says he can make a hundred and eighty two miles at a stretch, without recharging his battery. The latter process requires ten hours of work, which is a disadvantage, though, of course, it can be accomplished during the nighttime, when the traveler is at his hotel. It is also said that a large refrigerator building company, doing business in New York, is about to perfect an automobile carriage which has been under construction for some time, but is not yet ready for inspection or trial.

From the above it seems evident that, for the present, gasoline is destined to lead in the race; even enthusiastic electricians admit this, prophesying, however, the survival of the fittest. And the fittest, of course, to their mind is electricity, the element that we all should prefer as servant and friend, if its very considerable cost were not in the way of its universal use.

Perhaps, after all, it is fortunate that others than electricians have taken up the carriage without horses. A novelty that is convenient, and at the same time cheap, is much more liable to spring into public favor than one hampered by a prohibitive price.

The carriage of the future will be propelled neither by gasoline, nor gas, nor kerosene, nor steam, nor springs, nor compressed air. There is not the least doubt, in the minds of the progressive, that its energy will be furnished by electricity. According to a French authority, the electric carriage—that is, the real one, not an experimental affair—has arrived already. In the specimen described, the greatest drawback to all former machines of the kind—excessive weight—is happily wanting. Although large enough to accommodate four persons, it weighs, when completely equipped, from 650 to 680 pounds. It may be driven backward or forward, up hill or down, as fast as the road surface will permit, being all the time under complete control of the conductor, who needs to pass no examination as to special ability. In fact, a child, it is claimed, can drive this powerful machine, start it and stop it and steer it. In addition, it is noiseless, free from dirt, oil, or dangerous machinery. A debutante going to the queen's drawing room might use it without fear of spoiling her toilet. Of course, on

extensive trips, the accumulators have to be recharged at certain hours, but as this may be done at any electric establishment, it cannot be considered a serious drawback.

Mr. Thomas Commerford Martin, editor of the *Electrical Engineer*, told the writer that a company had been formed in England for the erection of works where accumulators of all sizes can be charged at any hour of the day or night. "Radcliffe Ward, in London," he said, "has undertaken to run carts and express wagons by electric motors." Mr. Martin thinks the electric carriage should have pneumatic tires and ball bearings, to relieve the friction of the revolving parts; its frame should be constructed of an aluminium alloy, while one or another of the light type of storage batteries already invented furnishes the energy. "They will have to use a very light form of motor, giving the greatest efficiency for every pound of metal," he said, "the motor to connect with the axles probably by a sprocket gear, or by friction gear.

"It is not impossible," continued Mr. Martin, "that in the near future we shall have power wires strung along our roads, to which any one can hitch his electric carriage, to drive it in either direction for business or pleasure. To facilitate this, there should be switches and turnouts, of course. If the 'two decker' streets, which all our big cities must eventually adopt, are established, the power wires for electrical carriages and carts will probably be relegated beneath the surface roads. How soon may this system be established? Already all the new buildings go down three or four stories below the normal street level; and there seems to be no good reason why traffic should not be stratified in the same manner, with the help of electric power.

"Electricity, or for that matter any agency that will drive the horse from the streets of our great cities, should be welcomed; for horses are the cause of much disease and unsanitary conditions. There are laws preventing citizens from keeping certain domestic animals within the city limits. I believe the advance in electricity will soon add the horse to the prohibited list, along with pigs and cows."

As to the time of the dawning of the horseless period, if indeed it has not dawned already, both Mr. Martin and other engineers, as well as professional and scientific men, were unwilling to risk a decided opinion. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew said pointedly, "I have given up anticipating what electricity will do for us next, and when it will do it.

I imagine that one fine morning we shall wake up with apparatus ready to take us to our offices by an automobile carriage, or, perchance, through the air. But in spite of my full belief in the electric carriage of the future," he added, "I doubt whether the services of the horse will ever be entirely dispensed with. I cannot conceive our active Americans adapting themselves to the pursuit of pleasure in carriages moved by electricity, or by any other kind of motor but the horse. What has made the bicycle so universally popular but the one fact that it permits of action on the part of the rider, that it affords excitement?"

"For similar reasons the carriage horse will always have friends and admirers; his style, action, and movement cannot be duplicated or imitated. As to the ordinary, every day horse, he is certainly doomed. The extent to which electricity has discredited and replaced him is exemplified by the fact that it no longer pays to breed horses that command but a moderate price."

The latter assertion, startling as it is, is verified and even emphasized by the reports from different horse marts. It appears that last year the breeding of ordinary horses was discontinued all over the United States, and the majority of breeders have adhered to the same policy this season. Yet, in spite of the precaution, prices are steadily declining. At a recent sale in New York a team of six year old cobs, warranted sound and kind, went for \$120; a pair of large horses, having good knee action and being of excellent appearance, sound and kind, brought only \$225, or \$275 less than they were sold for two years ago.

Machinery is responsible for this state of things — machinery driven by electric, steam, or cable motors. Of a total number of 11,030 miles of American street railways, over 5,750 are operated by mechanical power, which propels 6,732 electric, 3,317 cable, and 1,044 motor cars. A street railway concern generally engages ten horses for each car in use. It would therefore follow that by the introduction of the trolley and other mechanical devices some 110,000 horses were thrown out of employment—a number exceeding that now employed by street car companies in the United States by 20,000. Over one half of the eighty street railway lines now in course of construction contemplate the employment of other than animal power.

Five years more, and horse cars will be a curiosity in any but the smallest towns and villages of America. This is a remarkable achievement, full of promise from a sani-

tary and commercial standpoint, and one that speaks volumes for the push and energy of American inventors. While European engineers, as intimated, spent years of time and labor in constructing a one or two horse power vehicle—which we are about to adopt and convert to our own uses—we established the gigantic cable and trolley system that inevitably means death to all antiquated forms and methods of animal power.

It is scarcely needful to refer to the bicycle as another important factor in the displacement of the horse. The ubiquity of the wheel is more and more apparent. Adopted first as a means of athletic enjoyment for boys and young men, the bicycle has come to be the favorite means of exercise for tens of thousands. Old age does not debar one from experiencing the thrill its swift momentum imparts, nor does the dignity of learning or priestly sedateness hesitate to participate in the sport. And it has become more than a sport; the mail carrier uses the bicycle to accelerate his rounds, and the country doctor finds it cheaper and more convenient than a horse and buggy. A vast capital is employed in the manufacture of these steeds of steel, in which improvements are being made at a pace that rivals their own speed for swiftness. Good roads follow in their wake, and it looks now as if it would not be long before bicycle paths would become a common feature of our landscapes.

The proprietor of the leading riding school of New York recently declared that the increasing popularity of the bicycle had "ruined his business." Corroborative evidence can easily be obtained from livery stable keepers all over the country. And the bicycle is a machine whose possibilities are still far from exhausted. We are promised a bicycle carriage—a combination vehicle with a light steel frame, steel wheels, and rubber tires, propelled by two or more sets of treadles, and capable of carrying passengers. It is stated that at least one firm of bicycle manufacturers has such a machine nearly ready for the market; and if the experiment succeeds, another long step will have been taken toward the supersession of the horse.

Doubtless there will be much opposition in many quarters to the horseless carriage and cart, which seals the fate of man's faithful friend, first placed in jeopardy by steam, cable, and electric motors. As a beginning, that recognized authority in all that makes for civilization—the New York policeman—

is raising his abbreviated club against the innovation. Not long ago the gates of Central Park were, metaphorically speaking, closed against a motor carriage.

The horse breeding business in America is undergoing a tremendous change, to the lasting advantage of stock improvement. Only the most desirable strains of blood are in request for stud purposes, and their blending promises a new race of high steppers. As in the case of motors, the survival of the fittest is exemplified in the horse. The plug is dead, long live the flier. And the greater the speed of the blueblooded Kentuckian grows to be, the stronger the incentive for horseless carriage makers to surpass him.

Geologists differ as to the origin of the faithful quadruped, and the time of his subjection to man. In history he figures as our servant and companion at the very earliest period of which we have reliable records. Six thousand and more years he has been with us, fighting our battles, tilling the fields, carrying civilization from zone to zone. The twentieth century will see him in his prime—no longer a beast of burden, but with all his noblest qualities exalted.

This prognostication is made for America. Europe, hampered by tradition and constitutional want of promptitude, will follow suit slowly. Cable and electric roads have been built, and more are building, in different parts of the Old World, under the supervision of American engineers. Every single one of the swiftly moving, smoothly running cars is a living, forceful arraignment of the old fashioned and laborious horse railways, and of carts and wagons, cabs and private carriages.

But will not the depreciation of the horse do immeasurable damage to a national industry, in fact to a number of industries?

There is little fear of that. A new field of possible usefulness for the horse is indicated by the report of Edward W. S. Tingle, United States consul at Brunswick, who reports that Europe is already yearning for American horse flesh in lieu of the prohibited beef and the "indexed" hog. Cabmen and liverymen will in the future drive and keep for hire motor carriages promising better profits and involving less risk. The expressman's and truckman's business will be reorganized on a broader, more economical, more humane basis. Our cities will be healthier, their suburbs more accessible. The horseless vehicle will be a genuine boon to civilization.

*Henry W. Fischer.*



## YOUNG DR. JARVIS.

HE sat alone in his office, reading, perhaps for the twentieth time, the note on the desk before him. The afternoon sunshine touched with a pale radiance the familiar objects in the little room. In a faint, flickering fashion it illuminated the shelves of books, the dusty cases full of specimens, the stiff row of diplomas that adorned the wall, the ragged rug, the worn oil cloth carpet; but it seemed to linger on the solitary figure in the office chair.

It revealed a sensitive, restless face, with signs of great weakness, great passion, and great tenderness; such a face as men like and women love. It was dark with pain and anger now, for the note had roused a host of sleeping memories. The air seemed full of odor, the remembered odor of hyacinths; and in every shadowy corner Jarvis could see the insolent, smiling face of the woman who had written it. He crushed the perfumed paper in his hand, though it was only a kind invitation to the poor, struggling country doctor to take charge of a good case, consult with a famous surgeon, and cure—if he could—a sick old man. It read simply enough:

DEAR DR. JARVIS:

Mamma wishes me to ask you to come up to-day, to see Mr. Morton, who is very ill, and to meet Dr. Linyard, the specialist from the city. We fear an operation is unavoidable, and desire the benefit of your skill.

Sincerely yours,

ESTELLE MORRIS.

Jarvis had many other notes with that signature hidden away in his private drawer. Estelle Morris had never taken the trouble to ask for her letters, when she had sent him his curt dismissal two years ago. How faithfully he had loved and served her, how he had worked and economized, and strained every nerve to hurry through college, that he might begin the life struggle for fame and fortune that should bring him his heart's desire! She had seemed to return all this passionate devotion, and they had been sworn lovers. Would she wait for him? How often she had told him so, the full, white lids drooping over her soft, shining eyes!

Then, three years ago, a sudden change

of fortune had come to her mother. They went abroad, and after a few months her letters altered in tone. Finally, there came a short, cool epistle. "She did not love him," she said. "It was wrong to marry without love, and so—good by." In silence, in anger, and in bitter despair, he had accepted his fate.

Estelle had come back to America, the promise of her girlhood magnificently fulfilled in the beautiful woman who dazzled the quiet old village. She had many courtiers, and she had chosen the richest of them—a man many years older than herself. The engagement had been proclaimed far and wide. All summer long, from his office window, Jarvis had watched her drive by, benignly arrogant and radiantly handsome. A few days ago, he had heard that her fiancé was seriously ill. Today this letter had come. Should he go?

He longed with an intense longing, born of his youth and wounded pride, to show her that he was indifferent to her insult, cold to her neglect. If a half defined instinct warned him that neither his anger nor his contempt might be proof against the deadly power of the old love, he crushed it, as he crushed the letter in his hand. Go he would, and the future might take care of itself.

The first meeting was easy enough. Jarvis' cold politeness was accepted without a trace of embarrassment.

"Oh, Dr. Jarvis," said Estelle, "it is more than kind in you to come. We hear so much of your skill, and we—I am so much distressed about poor Mr. Morton. You will help him, I am sure?"

He bowed in answer. Yes, he would do his best.

He scarcely dared to look into her eyes. Did she love this old man, he wondered? At the thought, a sudden, uncontrollable hate sprang up in his heart. He fought against it desperately. Medically considered, Morton's case was intensely interesting, rousing his professional pride and surgical daring; and he knew the patient to be a gentle, sweet natured man.

But Jarvis did not tread the downward path unaided. With all her tact and self



composure, it angered Estelle Morris that the old devoted lover, the humble suppliant of past days, should pass her with careless indifference. Without deliberate thought of the mischief she might do, she felt that she must teach him how dangerous it is to forget a woman. Morning after morning she would meet him, ostensibly to inquire after the sick man, but the tones of her voice were full of alluring harmony, and her eyes seemed to pray for pardon although her lips were silent. Each day Jarvis quitted the house more hopelessly miserable, more degraded in his own sight, yet eagerly longing for the hour of return, the fresh torture of her presence, the misery of her welcoming smile.

"It is all over, Miss Morris, and safely, I trust," said the famous surgeon, as he hurried down stairs. "That young Dr. Jarvis helped me wonderfully. I prophesy that he will make his mark. I am quite content to leave the case in his hands. Unless there is more heart trouble than we think, Mr. Morton will rally, and be a happy man yet," he added with a chivalric bow.

Estelle thanked him profusely, and stood listening in the hall until the sound of his carriage wheels died away. Then she swiftly glided up the long stairway. In a small anteroom, next to the sick chamber, she found the nurse and the doctor.

Jarvis was dropping some liquid into a glass, and started at her entrance. In his nervous manner and white face were plainly visible the strain and excitement of the great surgical crisis he had just witnessed. His hand trembled. He was horribly conscious of her presence.

She stood by the portière, her slender figure outlined against the somber velvet.

"Dr. Linyard tells me," she began, "how much we owe to you and your skill. You are so kind"—her voice grew low—"so generous."

The doctor's hand grew more unsteady. "I will bring this in presently," he said, turning to the nurse.

The woman softly slipped away, and the two faced each other alone. White and haggard, Jarvis gazed at Estelle. Every fiber of his body seemed to thrill under the look she returned to his.

"Harry," she said, "for the sake of old times, will you forgive me? I know now how badly I treated you, but girls are fools, and—"

He sprang from his chair, the tightly tensioned cord of self restraint snapping as she spoke.

"What do you mean?" he asked, coming closer to Estelle.

"I only want to be friends once more," she murmured.

But her white fingers had pulled the flood gates too far apart. Jarvis caught her in his arms and clasped her almost savagely. She pushed him angrily from her; yet she listened to his pleading.

"Do you care for this old man? Is the old love dead? Sweetheart, listen to me," he said passionately.

"How can I listen to you?" she answered, all her diplomacy on guard again. "I have promised to marry Mr. Morton." With a slightly melodramatic sigh she went on, "I am bound by circumstances, but, Harry, I cannot bear to have you hate me. Indeed, it breaks my heart. You will forgive me?"

She paused, for some subtle danger threatened in his face; and turning, she vanished from the room. A few minutes later, as she stood before her long mirror, carefully twisting her heavy coils of chestnut hair, she smiled exultantly at the face in the glass.

Meanwhile Jarvis sat stiff and silent, mechanically dropping the medicine he was preparing into the glass before him. It was a powerful anodyne; and as Jarvis held the bottle a sudden deadly inspiration seized him. She had promised to marry the old man. If he were dead—

Drop by drop the liquid fell into the glass. Now the dose was large for a healthy organism; now it had passed the limit; now—Jarvis stopped. The nurse stood by the door.

"He is sleeping, doctor," and she took the glass from him. "I am to give him this as you directed, when he wakes, the first dose?"

He did not look at her face. "Yes," he said, and left the room.

In the street outside he met a boy, breathless and excited.

"Doctor," the lad called, "come quick! There's been a big accident down at the mill. They think Jim Corrigan is killed, and they're going on like mad."

Jarvis hurried away, and in fifteen minutes was fighting for the second time that day the strange, cold mystery of death. There was little time for thought now. On the floor of the mill, surrounded by weeping women, and rough yet sympathetic men, he exerted all his skill, and struggled desperately to save the life of the young Irishman. After hours of hard work, he was again successful, and finally helped to carry the patient to his own house. It was late when Jarvis entered his office, and saw

the supper his sister had prepared, waiting for him on the little table. Worn with excitement, cold, hungry, and exhausted, he ate voraciously, and soon sank into a heavy sleep.

A little after midnight, he awoke with a start. The fire was low, the room chilly, and his madness was past. An unspeakable horror came upon him, as he remembered his day's work. By this time Morton must be dead. He paced the room in agony, but there was no woman's face to charm and lure him now; only the cold air, the silence, the darkness, which seemed to wrap him in on every side. Surely it must be a dream, this hideous memory of a trust betrayed. Would to God— He shuddered. How dared he, a murderer, call on God?

He wondered why they did not come hurrying after him to call him to look at the dead. He strained his ears to listen, expectant, yet alarmed at every distant sound. He could see Morton's face, as he knew it must look, cold and white! Even when he tried to think of Estelle, the dead face rose menacingly before him, blotting out every other thought.

Jarvis was the descendant of an honorable race. His nature, naturally weak and sensitive, had been strengthened by an old fashioned, provincial education, and a simple country life. As the temptation died away, conscience asserted its power, and remorse and horror overcame him. Was there any escape? Yes, one, cowardly as it was, and he slowly moved towards the box where his pistols were. Then he started with a cry, for the door opened and his sister came in. He knew her husband was away, and wondered if her baby was ill, for she held it in her arms.

"You poor boy! How worn and miserable you look, and what a day you've had of it!" she said. "You came in so late, your supper must have been stone cold. I have been lying up stairs, hearing you tramp up and down here, until I decided to come down and drive you to bed; and baby, little rascal, would come too."

Jarvis watched them stolidly—the mother's pure and gentle face and white, caressing hands, the baby's rosy cheeks and darkly shining eyes. This was his only sister. She loved and honored him. Suppose she knew!

"How is Mr. Morton?" she asked suddenly.

"Dead, by this time," he answered harshly.

She played with the baby's curls and said slowly, "I am sorry. You and the surgeon

have worked so hard; but after all he has been spared much unhappiness, for," she went on hesitatingly, "Estelle Morris cannot help it, perhaps, but she is a heartless girl. I was thankful enough two years ago when—forgive me, Harry, is it possible you love her still?"

"Love? If you call it that," Jarvis answered wildly. "For her sake I have done murder—murder, do you hear? Do not look at me so. Take the child away. Go, go!"

She stared at him, unbelief and horror mingled in her gaze.

"Murder? Impossible!"

"It is true," he went on ruthlessly, but with a sense of grim relief. "After the operation this afternoon, Linyard left. Morton showed signs of fever. I gave him aconite. I gave enough to kill three ordinary men. There's no doubt about it; he's dead by this time."

Helen gave a low cry, and seemed to shrink and grow older before his eyes. There was a long silence. The baby played with the ribbons of her wrapper, and Jarvis realized that his cup of punishment was full. He knew he had slain the future happiness of this tender, loving woman. He inwardly cursed his weakness in confessing a crime which he need never have revealed.

His sister stirred at last, a momentary gleam of anger flashing in her eyes. "She tempted you—I know it," she cried; then her head drooped, and with a flood of tears she crept out of the room. Again Jarvis was alone.

As he expected, the summons came in the early dawn. He heard the wheels of the carriage outside, and opened the door himself to the sleepy servant who stumbled up the steps.

"We want you to come up to the house, sir. Mr. Morton is dead."

"Yes," said Jarvis. "When?"

"Last night, sir. I was coming after you, but I heard you was gone to the mill, and Mrs. Morris said wait till morning."

Jarvis led the way out, and they drove through the sleeping town. He, too, was as one dead; for his youth, his ambition, his desire for life, and the mad love that had caused his ruin—all these were gone from him forever. This, then, was to be his punishment—this misery of hopeless remorse; yet, as he shuddered before the thought of the future, he acknowledged the eternal justice of God.

They reached the house at last. With a supreme effort of will, Jarvis entered the dark hall. At the top of the stairs, the

nurse met him. She greeted him nervously. "Oh, doctor, after all your trouble, to think he should die this way—so soon, too!"

"When?" said Jarvis.

"Last night, about seven o'clock, and—I must tell you, doctor, for I have rather worried over it. He was sleeping so nicely, I did not disturb him at first; and by accident—I never did such a thing before—I

upset one of the medicines you left—the fever medicine. We were just going to send for you when he gave a sigh and all in an instant he was dead. Perhaps if I had given him the medicine——"

She paused in surprise, for the doctor leaned forward and took her hand suddenly in his.

"I think," he said—"I think it was the will of God."

## GONDOLA SONG FOR THE SUMMER TWILIGHT.

### I.

Now that night is drawing on,  
And the sunset light is gone,  
Now that fondling breezes rise  
Where the long, dim Lido lies,  
See! my gondola awaits  
By the palace water gates;  
Hasten, sweet, and have no fear,  
Love shall be our gondolier!

### II.

He shall wield the lithe, slim oar,  
Threading paths well known before,  
But endeared anew to me,  
Hallowed by your company.  
Clear shall ring his clarion call  
At each turning of the wall,  
And our hearts shall thrill to hear;  
Love shall be our gondolier!

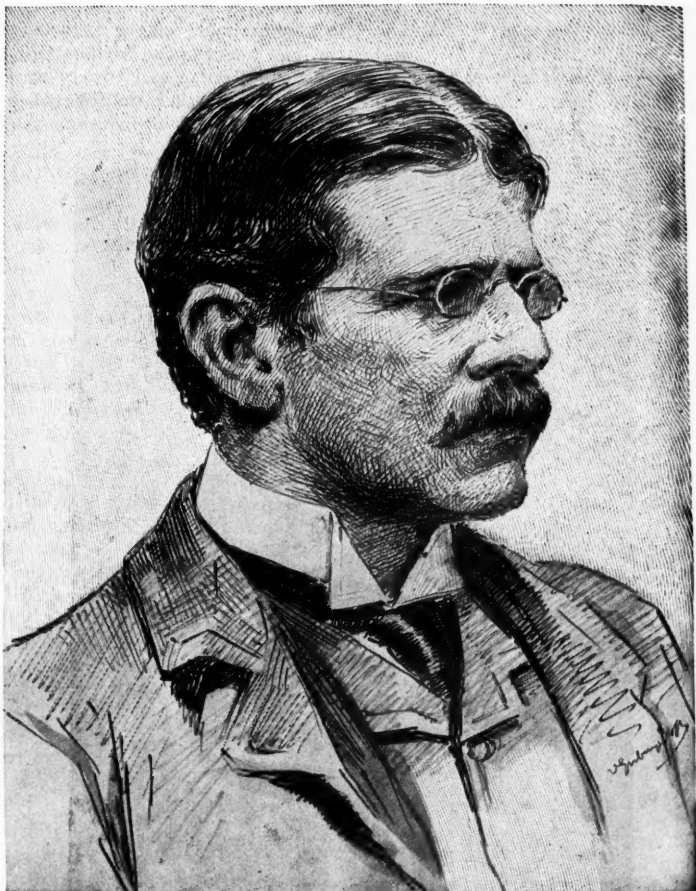
### III.

He shall guide our prow till we,  
'Merging from the mystery  
And the murk of narrow ways,  
Haloed with an orange haze,  
Shall descry the large, low moon  
Ambering the wide lagoon,  
Charming with its golden cheer;  
Love shall be our gondolier!

### IV.

As we linger, every hour  
Shall be like a fragrant flower  
Yielding all its sweetness up;  
Happiness shall be the cup  
That our eager lips shall drain;  
Bliss shall be the one refrain  
Borne upon the raptured ear;  
Love shall be our gondolier!

*Clinton Scollard.*



Edwin Austin Abbey.

*Drawn by V. Gribaydoff from a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.*

## ILLUSTRATORS AND ILLUSTRATING.

*A field that has attracted the best talent of American artists, and in which they have won especial success—The work done by Abbey, Reinhart, Smedley, Remington, and many others who are making an impress upon the art of the day.*

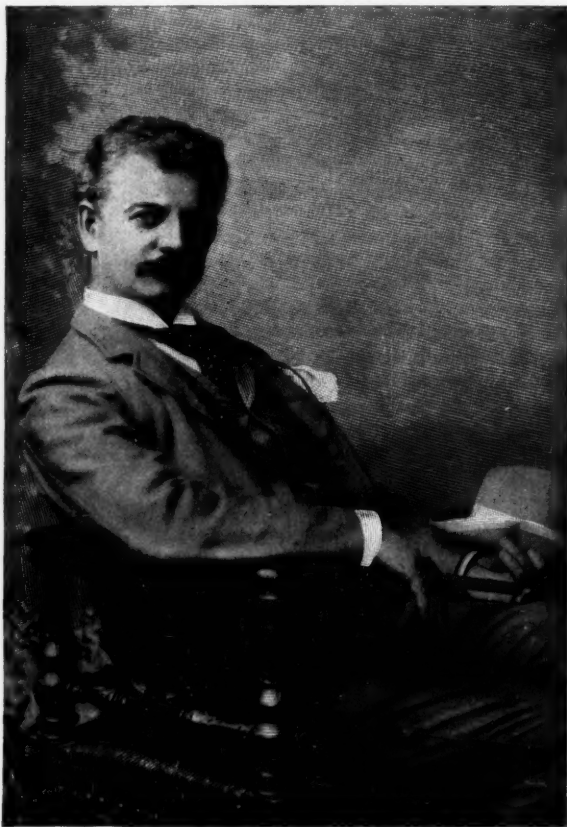
IT has been said that the great majority of the American people are incapable of any true appreciation of art because of their intensely practical natures. We hear that our artists not only are forced to seek in the Old World congenial environment for the cultivation of their genius, but even are driven to other lands to find there the encouragement which is essential to their success. If there is any truth in this statement, it is as severe a charge as any that can be brought against us as a nation;

but there is good reason to think that the second count of the indictment, at least, is overdrawn. In the last few years America has seen a great awakening in many fields of art, a growing realization that something more than commercial success and practical achievement is necessary to the growth of a people. With this awakening there have sprung up the modern schools of American painters, there has been developed a wide spread appreciation of their work, and they have received an encouragement that is the

surest stimulant to continued artistic advancement.

But if we would find where in the world of art the artist is most sure of winning and keeping the heart of the people, —and of the American people, perhaps,

sult that, in America, illustrative work has to a remarkable extent attracted to itself the best talent of the day, and has reached a degree of finish and variety unsurpassed elsewhere. To their publishers belongs the credit of doing much to elevate the popular



Charles Stanley Reinhart.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

most of all—we must turn to illustration, a field which is perhaps on a lower plane than some branches of painting, but which requires the keenest perception of detail and the most facile handling of human nature and its surroundings. Here the very practicality which has retarded our appreciation of ideal art is a potent factor in our enjoyment of the artist's work. We care less, as a people, for the lofty canvases of some modern Rafael, than for the more tangible and useful excellences of beautiful books and handsome periodicals. It is these that have furnished to our artists their surest means of reaching the public, with the re-

taste, and to make the names of our best draftsmen familiar as household words.

With very few exceptions, those who have made the history of this branch of American art are living men; most of them are young men. Darley, who may be called its father, and who was as truly a pioneer in his chosen line as was Gilbert Stuart or George Inness in portraiture or landscape painting, died but half a dozen years ago. He was a self taught artist, a graduate of no Paris atelier, but of a workshop in Philadelphia—a city that held a brief supremacy as the literary center of America, and that may be said to have been the cradle of our illustrative art.

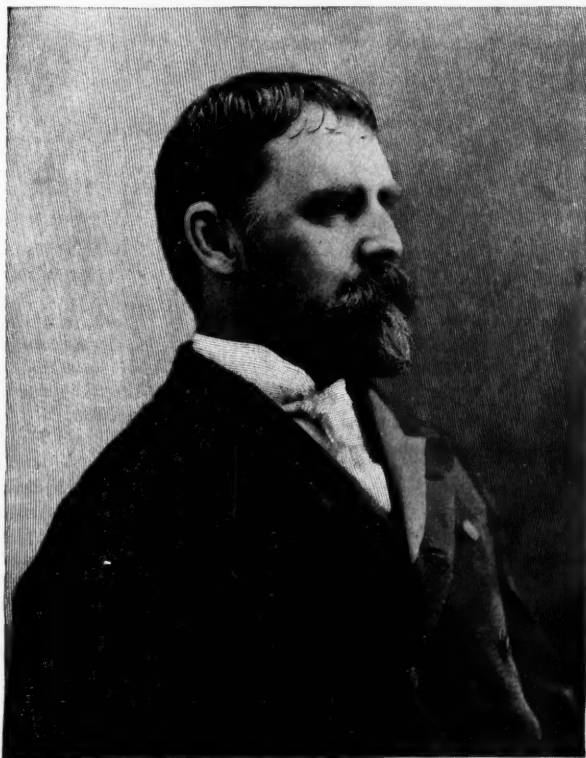


When Darley was rising to fame as the illustrator of Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne, Frederic Schell—who has made his mark both with his own pencil and by his influence upon younger men—was an apprentice with a firm of Philadelphia wood engravers. To the same house—that of Van Ingen & Snider—came, a few years later, a boy named Edwin A. Abbey. Smedley's start in life was on the opposite side of the street. Frost and Pennell, too, made their first drawings in the Quaker City. Reinhart, though not a Philadelphian, is a Pennsylvanian, born and brought up in Pittsburgh. Pyle is still a resident of what is practically a Philadelphia suburb.

Here we have grouped together the names of the very leaders in their art. The work begun by Darley owes many steps in its development to Reinhart and Schell, and has reached its most exquisite perfection in the hands of Abbey, whom Schell was one of the first to hail as the foremost illustrator of his day.



Arthur B. Frost.



Will H. Low.

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.*

Now that Mr. Abbey is withdrawing himself more or less from the field in which he first earned his laurels, and is striving after still loftier ideals, we can look back upon his achievements in illustration as upon a work which is in a sense completed, and therefore open to criticism in its entirety. Its most salient feature is his subtle appreciation of the beauties of Shakspeare, Herrick, and Goldsmith. It is not only the perception of the scholar, it is the love of the old time rustic life of Merry England which has helped him to take these men and women from the faded page of print, and evolve from them the dainty personalities we have learned to love so well. Mr. Abbey's drawings have not merely the finish born of a master hand, and the historic fidelity that

only conscientious study can impart. There is in every line the breath of the hawthorn, the dust of the high road, and the ripple of the country maiden's laugh.

At forty three Mr. Abbey is in the plenitude of his powers, and has probably not yet reached the greatest heights of his

in many respects to be akin to those of Mr. Abbey. For him, what is most picturesque in the life of a century ago possesses the greatest charm. While the younger generation has learned to love his quaint illustrations to his own fairy tales, and his work in imitation of woodcuts in "The Adven-



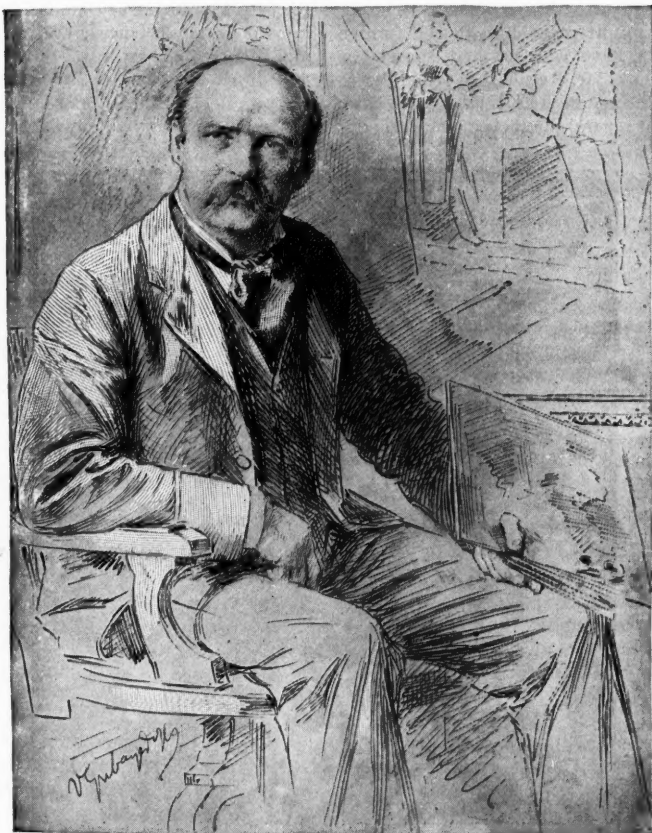
William Thomas Smedley.

*Drawn by V. Gribayidoff from a photograph by E. S. Bennett, New York.*

achievement. His progress has hitherto been a steady and logical development of his innate talent, with little dependence upon external influences. His slight early training in Philadelphia was followed by half a dozen years' work for the New York periodical press; then, in 1878, he crossed the Atlantic. Established in an old fashioned village in the west country of England, he has found an ideal existence among the surroundings most congenial to his artistic predilections.

Howard Pyle's tastes and tendencies seem

tures of Robin Hood," older critics have been quick to see the spark of genius in his more ambitious creations. What Mr. Abbey has done for England, Mr. Pyle has to a great extent done for our own land. His conscientious study of colonial customs, architecture, and apparel has resulted in a long series of illustrations, exquisitely executed and wonderful in their fidelity of detail. In his ideal and decorative work, of which the book plate of "The Players" is a good example, Mr. Pyle is seen at his best, although without doubt the most popular



Frederick Dielman.

*Drawn by V. Gribajedoff from a photograph by E. S. Bennett, New York.*

illustrating he has done is the series of "Buccaneer" drawings which appeared last year.

Charles Stanley Reinhart, while possessing a style distinctively his own and as unlike that of Mr. Abbey as possible, was so closely connected with him in the early part of his career, that their association, one would imagine, might well have influenced the two men to work on parallel lines. Such, however, has not been the case. Mr. Reinhart is distinctly a man of today. While Abbey illustrates "She Stoops to Conquer," and Pyle is deep in the history of the Spanish main, he is observing the fads and fashions of the hour, and reproducing them with unerring accuracy. He has always been a seeker after some new perfection, and a leader in the improvement of the mechanical side of his art. He has been a pioneer in the supersession of the pencil by the pen for black and white work, in the use of

models for illustrative drawings, and in the study of improved processes of reproducing them in print.

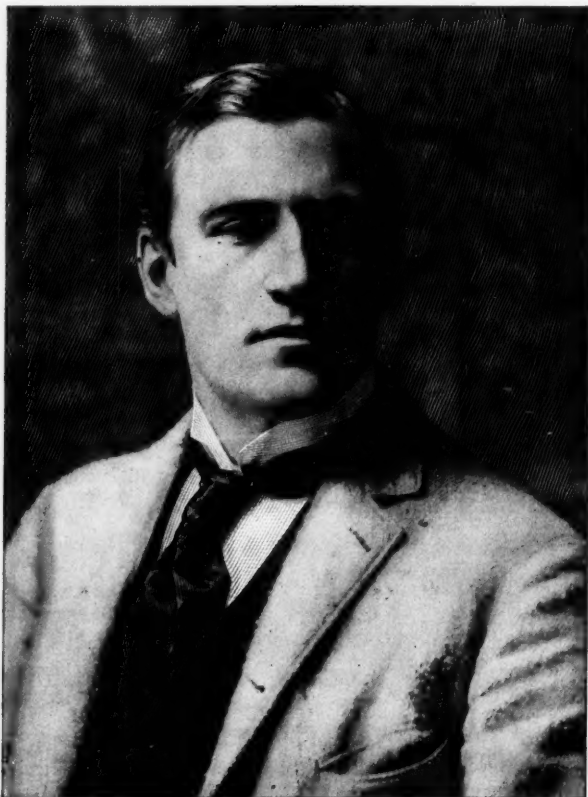
William T. Smedley, too, stands at the forefront of this distinctly modern school in which the American girl of today, the society swell, the ball room, and the club, are such all important elements. Not that Mr. Smedley does not wander far beyond these rather restricted limits. He puts air, color, movement, into everything he draws, and succeeds in impressing one with a sense of the life of the scene. Once capable of this, it is easy to see that his field may readily be unlimited. He is as much at home with the more prosaic features of life as with the gilded world of society, and his graceful treatment of a wide range of genre subjects has gained him a recognized place among our ablest draftsmen.

It is difficult to draw a precise line between our illustrators and our ideal painters.

Almost every artist has at some time done work that might place him in the former class; many have won marked success in both branches. Mr. Reinhart is one of these; his oil paintings take high rank, and have earned him several distinctions at Paris ex-

Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel," is better known as an instructor and an art critic, and best of all as a painter of the nude.

Will H. Low is equally versatile. His favorite field is stained glass, and in this he has done some notable work. He was no



Charles Dana Gibson.  
From a photograph.

hibitions. Others are Messrs. Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, Frederick Dielman, William H. Hyde, Carlton T. Chapman, B. West Clinedinst, Robert F. Blum, Elihu Vedder, and Henry Siddons Mowbray—all of whom are members of one or other of the two great New York associations of painters, some belonging to both. All of them have done, too, illustrative work of high merit; but with some of them this has been so subordinate to other achievements that they scarcely belong to the group under discussion. Elihu Vedder's reputation, for example, does not rest upon his series of designs for the "Rubaiyat." Kenyon Cox, who illustrated an *édition de luxe* of

less successful with his decorations for the Waldorf and for the "water color room" in the house of Cornelius Vanderbilt. His exquisite illustrations to Keats' "Odes and Sonnets," and to "Lamia," rank him in the present category.

Frederick Dielman's illustrative work has been still more important. While his paintings of contemporary genre and historical subjects have for years been conspicuous at New York exhibitions, his pencil has constantly been busy in the service of the printing press. He possesses the adaptability that is the illustrator's first quality. A Hanoverian by birth, and an artistic graduate of Munich, he has made a spec-



Albert Edward Sterner.  
*Drawn by V. Gribayidoff.*

ialty of American themes. He has illustrated Hawthorne and Longfellow, and has painted the street gamins of New York and the Puritans of Miles Standish's days; and throughout he shows a more truly American spirit than most native artists.

Robert F. Blum and H. Siddons Mowbray are painters rather than illustrators, though their signatures are familiar to periodical readers. Messrs. Hyde and Clinedinst, on the other hand, are men who have made their mark in oils and water colors, but still belong to the school of regular workers in black and white. Mr. Hyde is one of the most versatile and prolific of the craft, doing both humorous and serious illustration, and in both fields giving evidence of a real and growing power.

The mention of humorous drawing suggests another branch of art upon which illustration verges—that of the caricaturists and cartoonists. Of this field, in which Americans have been especially active and successful, a brief survey was given

in a former number of this magazine (February, 1894). Some of the men whose work was reviewed at that time, however, are so prominent in more serious lines that they cannot be omitted from the present sketch.

There is Dan Beard, for instance, better known for his Mark Twain illustrations than for his fantastic and original cartoons; and there is E. W. Kemble, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" pictures overshadowed his desultory work as a delineator of humorous types. Mr. Kemble has made his greatest hit by his clever rendering of negro life and character—a specialty which, discovered almost by chance, he has developed by faithful study and keen perception. Mr. Beard prefers to originate rather than to interpret, and likes best to work upon material that gives the freest possible rein to his imagination—as in "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and John Jacob Astor's romance of travel through the solar system.

Oliver Herford's quaint conceits in black and white entitle him to rank among the best of our humorous

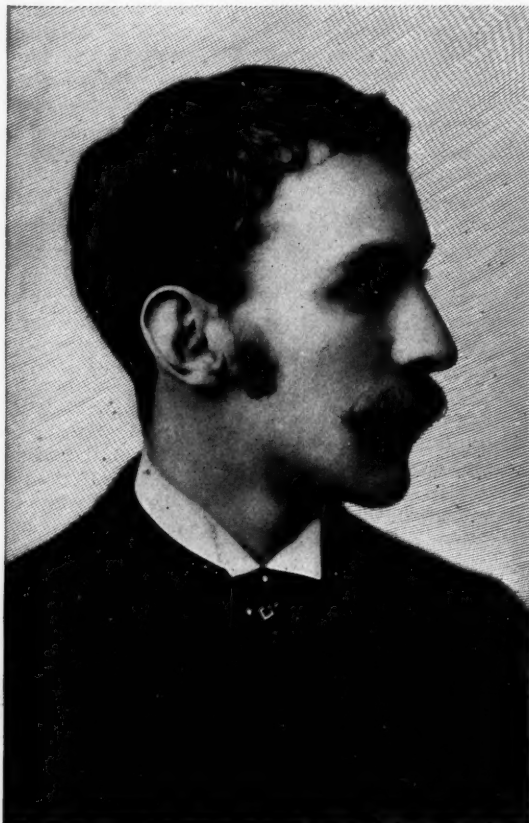


Thure de Thulstrup.  
*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*



illustrators, but his work is slight when compared with the abundant and varied production of some of his contemporaries. One of the busiest of these is W. A. Rogers, who may indeed be taken as a type of the journalistic artist. Good work in this line

delineation claim for him an individual place in any review of contemporary illustration. In spite of a course at the Pennsylvania Academy, and some study abroad, Mr. Frost is really a self taught artist. Beginning life, as did Abbey, as a boy in a



Benjamin West Clineinst.

*From a photograph by Clineinst, Baltimore.*

requires rapidity and effectiveness of execution, and readiness to handle all sorts of material in a correct and artistic way; and these qualifications Rogers notably possesses. The school in which he acquired them was that of practical experience, for he had had no technical training when he first came to New York, nearly twenty years ago, to draw for the *Graphic* and other papers. Later he became connected with the Harpers, in whose books and periodicals most of his work has appeared.

Greater than any of these humorous artists is Arthur B. Frost, whose unique draftsmanship and remarkable power of character

Philadelphia engraver's shop, he went into lithography, and it was almost by chance that he first took up pen drawing, to make illustrations for a volume written by an acquaintance. The book was "Out of the Hurly Burly," which made a reputation for both Charles Heber Clarke, its author, and Mr. Frost. His faithful and dramatic portrayals of rural types, of small boys and ragged negroes, of vagabond life in its myriad phases, were the stepping stones by which he advanced to the height of popular favor; and it is gratifying to note that he is faithful to his humbler creations even now when his fame has the firmer basis of legiti-

mate and artistic work on which to rest. His wash drawings of hunting scenes are perhaps his ablest productions, but he does a great deal of illustration that is equally remarkable.

Comparable to Frost for his originality of theme and method, and his strong flavor of

great continent, from remote times until these latter days." His illustrations to such works as Theodore Roosevelt's "Ranch Life" are noteworthy achievements in this direction.

Mr. Remington's horses are famous. He was one of the first to depart from the con-



Frederic Remington.

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.*

Americanism, is Frederic Remington, who in other respects differs widely from almost all his contemporaries. Frost reproduces the quiet life of some Pennsylvania or New Jersey county, transfused with a humor that is as naïve and simple as it is delightful; Remington shows us stirring pictures of the Western plains, full of a photographic realism, and of a vivid strength that is at times nothing less than startling. He has expressed his purpose in art as an effort "to perpetuate the wild life of our American conquest of this

ventional methods of drawing a horse in motion—methods which the use of the instantaneous camera proved to be utterly incorrect. No other artist has been so strikingly successful in rendering the attitudes, at first sight strange and ungainly, revealed by this unerring instrument.

Somewhat akin to Remington's work is that of Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum, who has made a special study of life at the Western army posts and on the decks of American men of war. Another military specialist is Thure de Thulstrup, whose versatile drafts-

manship is the expression of a varied and adventurous career. He has seen service in many lands—in his native Sweden, with the French in Algiers and in the Franco German war, and in Russia, where he made his first drawings as an army correspondent. He, too, like Remington, is practi-

Sterner, Charles Dana Gibson, W. Granville Smith, Albert B. Wenzell, and Charles Howard Johnson. The eldest members of the quintet mentioned—Messrs. Sterner and Wenzell—have scarcely passed thirty; hence we should expect to find, here, rather promise than achievement. Yet Mr. Gibson,



W. Granville Smith.

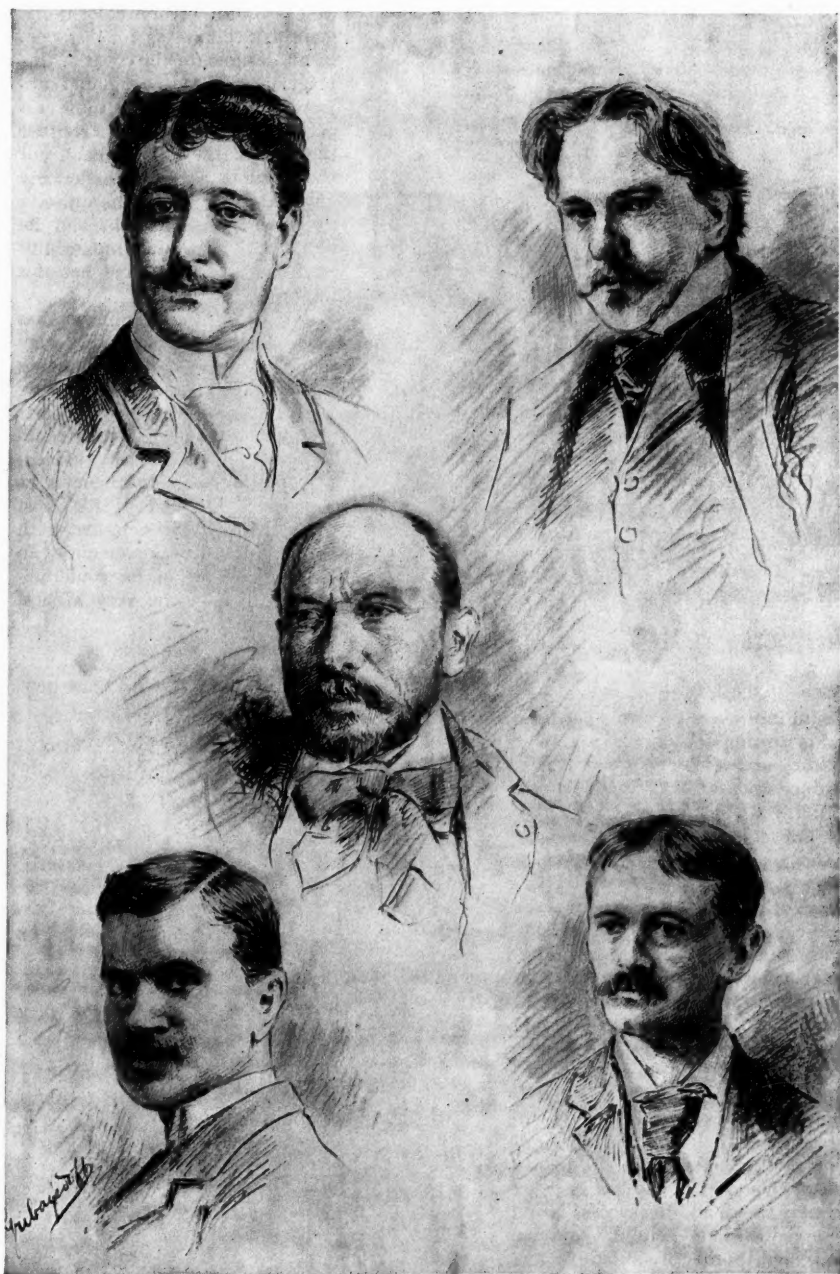
*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

cally self taught; and of the many mediums he has essayed, black and white is that in which he does most of his work.

Two marine painters may be mentioned here as very successful illustrators—Carlton T. Chapman and Milton J. Burns. The latter, indeed, has in recent years done little but illustrative drawing, in which he always shows strength and character as well as a thorough and workmanlike knowledge of the subjects he treats.

Some of the very best of recent American work has been done by a few young painters and illustrators who may be classed together in an informal group, including Albert E.

at twenty eight, is already perhaps the best known pen and ink artist in America, ranking with Abbey as a master of the technique of black and white, and possessing a style fully as distinctive and as original. Mr. Gibson is preëminently the creator of the "American girl," a type that *Life* has spread almost to the four quarters of the globe. His drawings of New York society are as familiar to Parisians and Londoners today as to ourselves. To balance matters, he has lately given us a series of Parisian studies, the result of a sojourn in the French capital. The method which he cultivated while there called forth a storm of criticism; but Mr.



A QUINTET OF ILLUSTRATORS.

Reginald Bathurst Birch.

Dan Beard.

Charles Howard Johnson.

Edward Windsor Kemble.

W. A. Rogers.



Carlton T. Chapman.

*Drawn by V. Gribasidoff from a photograph by Mrs. Lounsbury.*

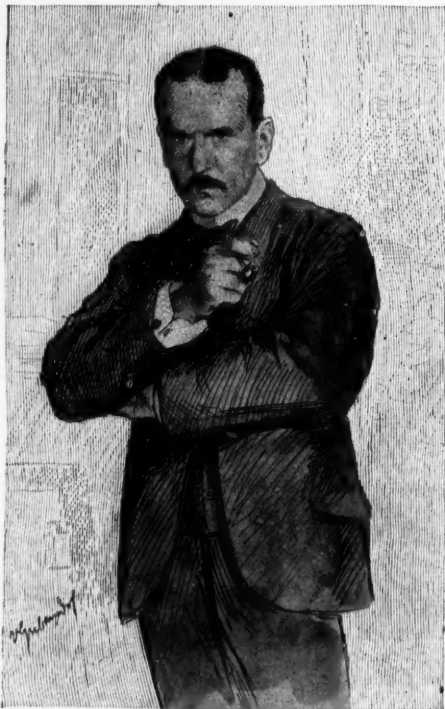
Gibson is now settling down to a careful improvement of his new line, and is turning out work which in its delicacy and refinement is a decided advance upon what has gone before.

In a far wider range of work than Mr. Gibson's, Albert E. Sterner has shown qualities hardly less remarkable. Gravitating between Paris and New York, he has painted some clever landscapes and some still cleverer figure compositions in both oils and water colors; and while his talent for color is very decided, his handling of black and white is admirable. It is impossible to deny him a place with our best illustrators. He has a fantastic vein which is peculiar to himself, and his work is imbued with a freshness, a delicacy, and an originality that are again strongly suggestive of Abbey. His rise has been extremely rapid, and his success is well deserved. He is careful, conscientious, and thoroughly artistic.

Mr. Granville Smith is a still younger and perhaps an equally gifted artist. There is nothing more exquisitely dainty and refined than is his work at its best—and that best is a constantly ascending point, for he has ambition and perseverance as

well as youth. Water color is his favorite medium—as, for instance, in his designs for the cover of this magazine; his most congenial subjects are figure compositions, especially of young girls. Neither the period, the environment, nor the costume seems to make any material difference in the uniform excellence of his work, and he treats with charming impartiality the maiden of today and her of a hundred years ago.

Charles Howard Johnson has made a name in much the same field. His pen and ink sketches are constantly seen in our leading periodicals, and his color work has won him a very satisfactory reputation. In natural ability, indeed, Mr. Johnson's endowment is as remarkable as that of his most gifted fellow craftsmen, and with the careful self improvement of an Abbey or a Gibson he would undoubtedly take the very highest rank.



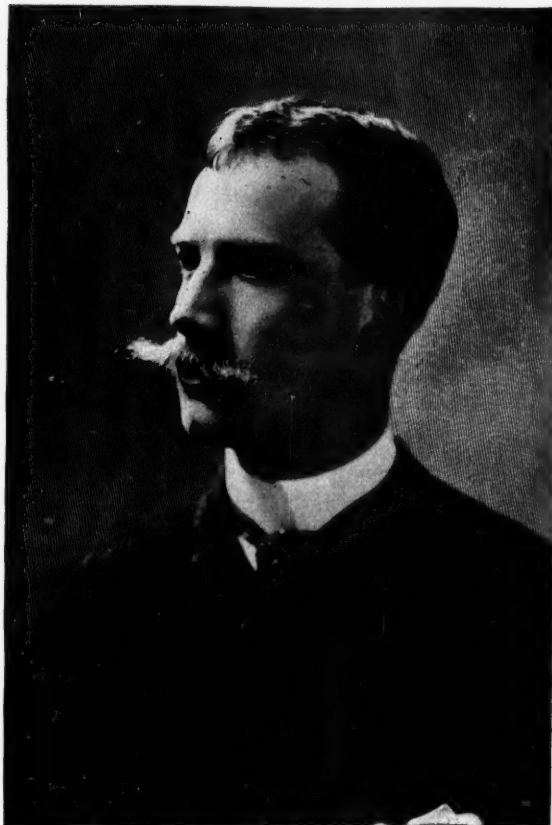
William H. Hyde.

*Drawn by V. Gribasidoff.*



An artist who does not quite fit into any of the preceding groups is Reginald B. Birch, whose clever and correct illustrations to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" helped to make the remarkable success of Mrs. Burnett's famous book. Mr. Birch has done

They are merely mentioned here because a special sketch of their work was given in *MUNSEY'S* not long ago (April, 1894). Woman's advancement in this line, as was then pointed out, has been strikingly rapid in recent years. A generation ago, she had



Albert B. Wenzel.

*From a photograph by Tomlinson, Detroit.*

other work equally finished and delicate, and no less instinct with pathos and humor.

There are not a few other American artists who have done or are doing illustrative work that should not pass without comment did the limits of a magazine article permit a complete review of so wide a field of art. Several of them—some of the best, indeed—are women. Mary Hallock Foote, Alice Barber Stephens, Maud Humphrey, Georgina Davis, and Rhoda Holmes Nicholls are among the most widely known of these; Maud Stumm, Florence Upton, and a host of others are young workers of real promise.

scarcely thought of it as open to her ambition; today, hardly any American periodical goes out without some example of her skill in its art department.

In conclusion, the names of André Castaigne—a Frenchman who has done some notable work in this country—Louis Loeb, William Hamilton Gibson, F. Hopkinson Smith—of whom a special sketch was given in May, 1894—Max F. Klepper, Joseph M. Gleeson, H. A. Ogden, Alfred Brennan, and Charles M. Relyea may be given as a few of those who would demand notice as illustrators did space permit.

*Philip Rodney Paulding.*

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SET.

*The future King of England as he really is—His character and tastes as shown in his relations with his official associates and his personal friends.*

ALTHOUGH only an heir apparent, and forced to yield the *pas* to a younger brother and to three nephews, who have all attained the rank of full fledged monarchs, yet there is no royal personage in Europe who occupies the attention of the English speaking world to such a degree as does the Prince of Wales. No scion of modern royalty has been more frequently portrayed or more freely discussed, alike in print and in speech, than the future King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.

So great is the demand for details concerning the doings and sayings of "the prince," and his mode of life and surroundings, that many lights of journalism and literature have been unable to resist the temptation of making him the theme of extravagant stories, devoid of foundation, or at best based on mere hearsay. This is especially the case with regard to the scandals that have been laid at his door.

Those who know him best, and are acquainted with the ins and outs of London society, are aware that the sole basis of the charge against him in connection with Lady Mordaunt's divorce, was the fact that no one else was admitted to her apartments when he was wont to pay her afternoon visits at the Alexandra Hotel in London. But the majority of people fail to remember that the laws of etiquette governing European courts and society provide that during a royal call, the door of the person thus honored shall be kept closed to all visitors of minor rank.

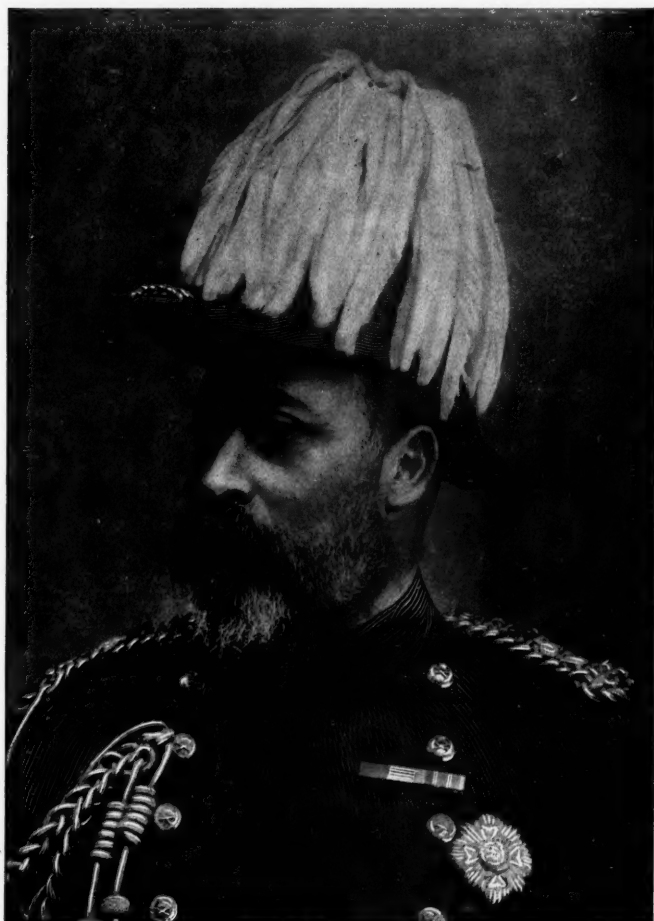
And should there be any disposition to criticise his attitude in the case of Sir William Gordon-Cumming, of baccarat trial celebrity, it must be borne in mind that there was far more below the surface than was allowed to become known, and that the prince, whose conduct in the matter was indorsed by all those behind the scenes, had really no alternative open to him.

Yet the prince is no saint, and is the last person in the world to wish to be set up on a pinnacle as such. He is subject to exact-

ly the same weaknesses, frailties, and errors of one kind and another as ordinary mortals, and gives way to them occasionally. That he does not do so more frequently is a subject for congratulation; for certainly no man living is exposed to greater temptations. His morals are neither better nor worse than those of the majority of his countrymen, and it is precisely this fact that endears him to them. The sympathy thus established between prince and people contrasts strongly with the unpopularity of his father, whose blameless behavior was generally regarded by the English as a reflection upon their own conduct, and led to his being denounced as a prig.

It is not therefore to any moral perfection that the Prince of Wales is indebted for the immense influence which he exercises not alone in his mother's dominions but throughout the world—an influence immeasurably greater than that of many a king or emperor. Nor yet is it due to superiority of education and intellect, the prince being only of average rank in these respects. Neither is it in any way attributable to the voice which, as heir to the British crown, he might reasonably be expected to enjoy in the administration of his country's government; for his mother's jealousy prevents him from taking any active part in the affairs of state. No; the explanation of the enormous influence that he commands is to be found in his tact. No other prince of the blood possesses this quality to such a superlative degree.

It is by the exercise of tact that the prince recently achieved for England, within the short space of three weeks, a victory in Russia which half a century of the most elaborate diplomacy and statecraft had failed to accomplish. It is by dint of tact that he brought about a reconciliation of the Emperor William with his widowed mother, the prince's sister, and dispelled that intense animosity toward England which characterized the outset of the young Kaiser's reign. To the same agency the



H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

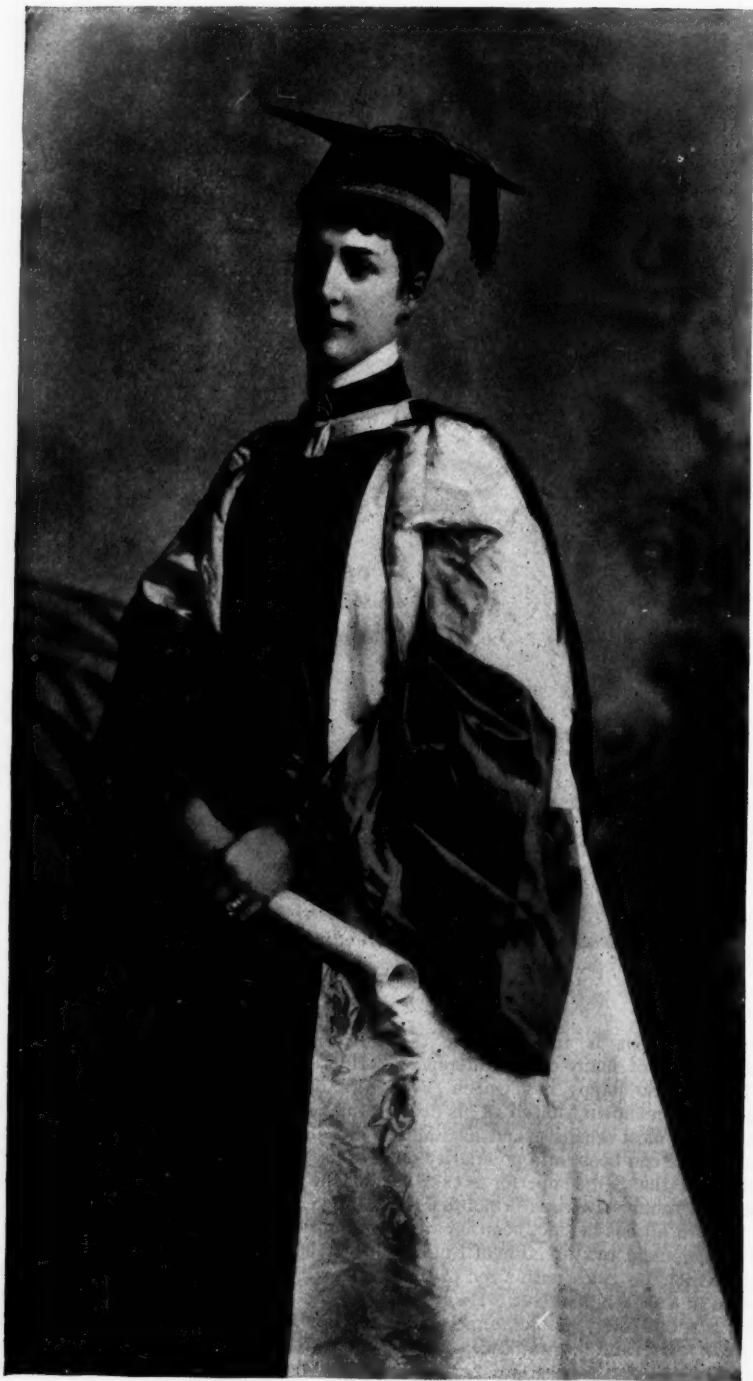
From a photograph by Dupres, Colchester.

British government is indebted for the smoothing over of many of its differences with France. So happy has Queen Victoria's eldest son shown himself in his dealings with this most sensitive and excitable nation, that he can boast of a popularity on the banks of the Seine superior to that of almost any French statesman or politician.

But most of all has his tact been apparent in his management and direction of English society, which he rules with a rod of steel concealed in a sheath of velvet. He guides it as he lists, but solely by tact, experience, and *savoir faire*; and no prejudice, no preconceived ideas or theories, are permitted to stand in the light of his decrees. For instance, it is thanks to him, and to him alone, that all the ill feeling toward the

Jewish race has disappeared, and that Hebrews—who in the early days of the Victorian era were not even admitted to the full rights and privileges of ordinary citizenship—are now to be found occupying seats in the House of Lords, on the bench of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and in the very front rank of the most smart, aristocratic, and exclusive circles of society.

It is thanks to the prince, too, in great degree, that hard drinking and coarseness of language have gone out of fashion. When he was a boy, it was considered bad form for a gentleman to retire to rest otherwise than intoxicated, while almost every phrase spoken was embellished with appalling blasphemy. And if a higher tone of morality and a greater sense of propriety



H. R. H. Alexandra, Princess of Wales.  
*From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.*

now prevail than in the first half of the present century, it is in a great measure due to the unobtrusive but very excellent care that the prince takes to keep out of society those who have forfeited their right to re-

drop so-and-so's name from your visiting list," although the prince had possibly dined with the fair sinner on the evening before, and was engaged to sup there on the following night.



SANBRINGHAM.

January 10

I have great  
pleasure in sending  
you the enclosed  
photograph

Believe me

Yours very sincerely  
Arthur Balfour

main within its pale. He is as ready as any other votary of pleasure to meet them in the sphere to which they have descended, and to treat them, there, with kindness and consideration. But he will not tolerate their presence in houses that are respectable. He cannot bear to see a woman of questionable antecedents consorting with ladies of unblemished reputation or with innocent young girls, and more than once have I known him to remark to a hostess, "My dear, your husband should see that you

Probably the most striking illustration of the Prince of Wales' tact is to be found in the absolute ignorance which prevails, even among his most intimate friends and associates, concerning his political opinions. He has always manifested just as much consideration and regard for Mr. Gladstone as for Lord Salisbury. And if Lord Rosebery, as an old friend of His Royal Highness, and as a particular favorite of the princess, is a frequent visitor at Sandringham, why, so too is Mr. Arthur Balfour.



He does not incline to the Tories more than he does to the Liberals, and neither can claim him as a partisan, although the late Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was often wont to insist that with regard to Irish affairs the prince was strongly in favor of Home Rule. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has even, I believe, placed on record his opinion, based on chats at Homburg with the British heir apparent, that the latter's views on the subject of Ireland actually border on downright Fenianism. But then, too, the prince has been charged with a leaning toward social-

used to feel more at home than at Windsor or Osborne.

Only those who are acquainted with the violence of passions in English politics, and can recall the altogether unconstitutional partisanship of the various sons of George III, can realize the degree of tact which the prince must have displayed, throughout the thirty two years that have elapsed since his marriage, to keep his countrymen in such an absolute state of ignorance concerning his political views.

Perhaps the only particular in which the



Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales' London Residence.

ism, partly in consequence of his expression of warm sympathy for the sufferings of the toiling and starving masses, and partly because of his habit of spending a few hours, each time he passes through Marseilles to Nice, Cannes, or Mentone, with his old French teacher, who is one of the socialist members of the municipal council of the great southern seaport of France.

The only time when I myself have heard him pronounce himself strongly on any question relating to British policy was in 1878, when he bitterly denounced the Cyprus Convention, concluded by Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, as a breach of international good faith, and as calculated needlessly to embroil England's relations with France. But this does not imply that he is more Liberal than Conservative, any more than his warm friendship and intimate relations with Gambetta could be taken to mean that he preferred a republican regime in France to that of Napoleon III, at whose palaces of the Tuileries and St. Cloud he

prince does not display his customary tact and *savoir faire* is in the selection of his friends and associates. Some of these, at any rate, are chosen without regard to their birth, breeding, or merit, but solely because they have manifested a special faculty for providing him with entertainment. He is the most easily bored man under the sun—a perfect martyr to ennui; and any one like the late Sir James Mackenzie, surnamed "the Benefactor," who started in life as a hatter, or Mr. Reuben Sassoon, the Parsee, who possesses the means of dispelling that ennui, at once becomes *persona gratissima* at Marlborough House and Sandringham. Provided people succeed in amusing him, he remains indifferent to their antecedents, their principles and character, and it is owing to this that he is occasionally seen in the company of persons who are in every sense of the word unworthy to associate with him. With the prince the old adage of "Tell me whom you frequent, and I will tell you what you are," does not apply. Were one

to judge Albert Edward by his friends and acquaintances, one would do him the greatest kind of an injustice. Nor is it possible very severely to blame His Royal Highness in the matter. For who of us is there who does not find more entertainment and amusement in the society of a clever and witty knave than in that of an eminently respectable and high principled bore?

Were the prince to drop these people when the novelty has worn off, and their

and last but not least, the American born Duchess of Manchester, who, with her children, is a frequent and welcome guest at Sandringham.

In the first line, however, among the prince's associates are his equerries, his lords and his gentlemen in waiting, who are in constant attendance upon him. Previous to Queen Victoria's reign, royal personages were accustomed to go about unescorted. Indeed, her predecessor, old King



Sandringham, the Prince of Wales' Country Home

resources for providing amusement are exhausted, there would not be much reason to deplore His Royal Highness' lack of eclecticism in the choice of his associates. He possesses, however, in a very marked degree that valuable quality, loyalty to his friends. No man is more true to his chums and associates than the future King of England. Just as he never fails to remember a face or a service, so in the same way does he never forget a friend, unless the latter has forfeited his consideration and regard by some act of meanness or dishonor.

I almost hesitate, after writing this, to mention the names of the prince's intimate friends and habitual associates, and beg my readers to believe that I have eliminated those to whom exception might be taken. The list comprises Lord Carrington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Londonderry, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Hastings, Sir Allan Young, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady Warwick, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Baron Hirsch, Sir Henry Calcraft, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Cadogan,

William IV, and her other uncle, George IV, were in the habit of strolling quite alone in the neighborhood of Piccadilly and St. James'. Shortly after Her Majesty's marriage, however, her good looking young husband was made the object of marked and offensive demonstrations of admiration by certain female "cranks." It was brought to Victoria's ears, whether with justice or not I am unable to say, that projects existed to inveigle the prince consort into feminine entanglements which need not be particularized. With the intention of preserving him from dangers of this kind, and for the purpose of avoiding the slightest pretext for scandalous gossip, the queen arranged that the prince should never set his foot outside the palace precincts unless attended by one or more gentlemen in waiting. The practice has been followed by all of her sons, and also by many foreign royalties related to the British court, including the Emperor of Germany, whose father and grandfather I used often to meet walking about the streets of Berlin or Potsdam unaccompanied; while King Christian

of Denmark may still be seen, almost daily, on the thoroughfares of Copenhagen, unescorted save by his two dogs.

The foremost among the prince's gentlemen, and the one who assuredly exercises the most healthy influence upon His Royal Highness, is General Sir Dighton Probyn, the controller and executive chief of the household. He owes his position not to family or fortune, but to his splendid record as a soldier. One of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, where he won the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross by an act of splendid gallantry, he is a tall, gray bearded, soldierly man, unpretentious but full of quiet dignity. Indeed, he appears so quiet and calm that it requires some effort to realize that he is the same dashing, daredevil cavalry leader whose prowess caused the name of Probyn's Horse to be famed and respected to this day throughout the length and breadth of India. Sir Dighton has in his hands the entire management of the prince's establishment—no easy task, owing to the innumerable jealousies and rivalries of its members, and to its size. The stables alone cost the prince \$80,000 per annum—of course this does not include his racing stud or hackney breeding farm. Since the disgrace and flight of Lord Arthur Somerset, they have been under the immediate superintendence of Lord Suffield, who has been with the prince for over a quarter of a century.

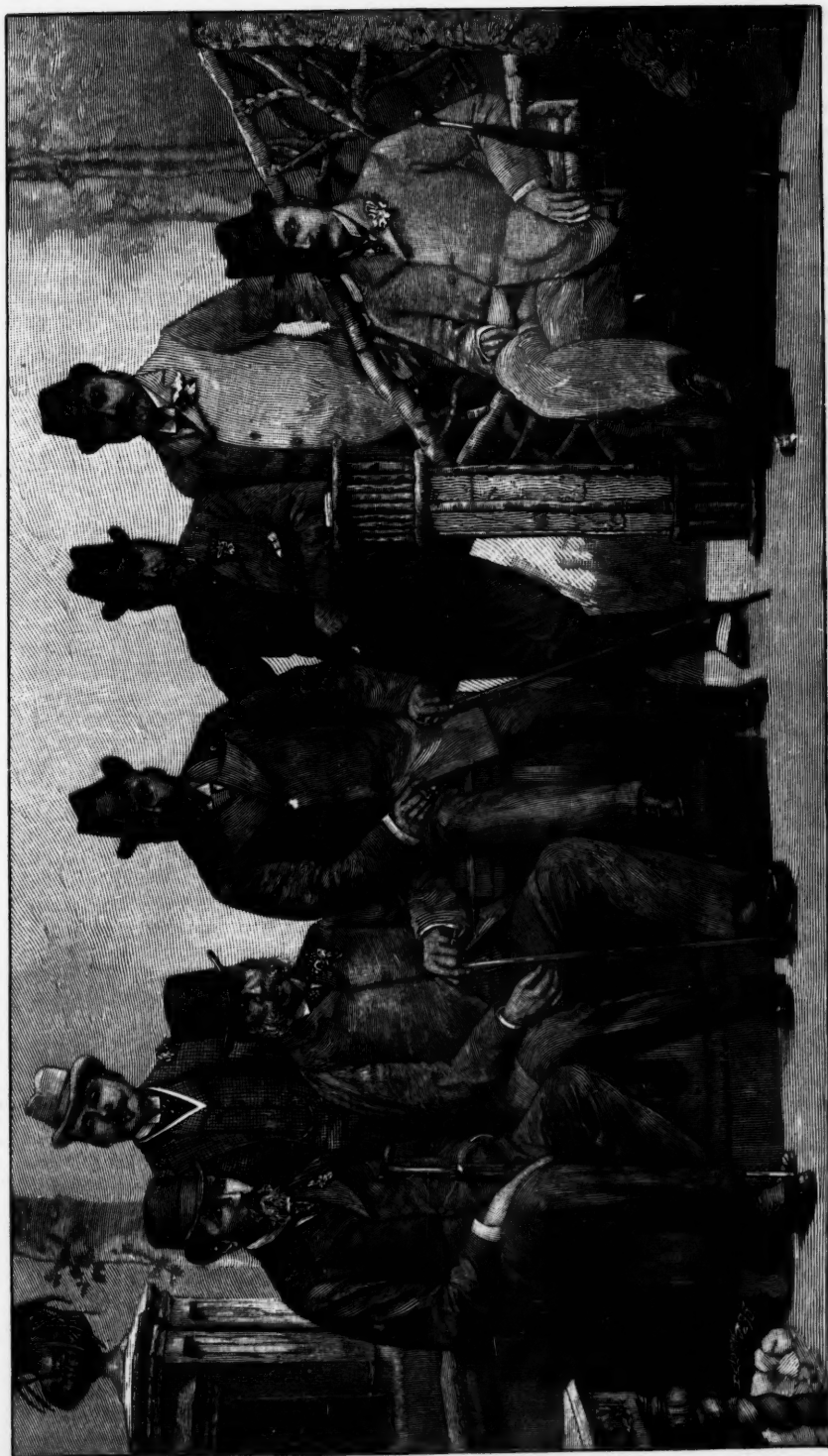
Next to Sir Dighton Probyn, the most important member of the prince's entourage is Sir Francis Knollys, the pearl of private secretaries, and certainly the most blindly devoted of all H. R. H.'s associates. He is the personification of discretion and patience—which latter quality proved of singular advantage to him ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, when he was wont to be the favorite butt of the sometimes exasperating witticisms and rather rough practical jokes of the prince and his set. In fact, it is difficult to believe that he can recall the famous voyage to India without a shudder. Scarcely a day passed, while on board ship, without his being hazed. The "booby traps" and "apple pie beds" to which he was then subjected should certainly be taken into consideration when he retires from active service and takes his pension.

Frank Knollys always reminds me of a collie dog in his honest and unswerving loyalty to his royal master. His sole object in life seems to be to spare the prince all trouble, annoyance, and anxiety, and to shield him from any possible harm. His sentiments are due not alone to the feelings

of affection with which the prince inspires all his entourage, from his lords in waiting to the humblest stable boy in his service, but also to gratitude. For many years the controllership of the prince's household was in the hands of the late General Sir William Knollys, who although a most gallant soldier, and the very soul of honor, was but a poor administrator. So loose was the surveillance which he exercised over the various branches of the royal establishment that one of the chief clerks of the financial department was enabled to embezzle a very large sum before being discovered. Although the loss amounted to nearly half a million dollars—a sum which the prince could ill afford to spare, finding it difficult to make both ends meet on his income of \$700,000—neither old Sir William nor his son Francis, nor yet his daughter, who is the favorite lady of the princess, ever heard a single word of complaint or censure from the royal couple. If anything, the latter were even more gracious and more affectionate in their attitude towards the three Knollyses than ever before. Sir William immediately resigned, but only to be invested with the lucrative sinecure of sergeant at arms to the House of Lords, which the prince procured for him.

Sir Francis, a man of exquisite tact and refinement, has appreciated to its fullest extent his royal master's delicacy and consideration in the matter, and manifests in return a quiet but untiring devotion to the prince, which can only be likened to that of some faithful and intelligent dog. The prince trusts him blindly and implicitly, having no secrets from him, and the result is that Sir Francis is able to fulfil the duties of a private secretary in an absolutely ideal manner, constituting the memory, and sometimes the conscience, of his royal chief.

Probably the equerry to whom the prince was most attached was Sir Francis' brother in law, Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, who died a year or two back. In addition to his invariable and imperturbable good humor, he was the only one of the prince's attendants who may be said to have been absolutely disinterested. He had nothing to gain by his office of equerry, either financially or socially. As proprietor of the Keythorpe Hall estates, and heir to his mother's property, as well as to her ancient peerage, dating back to the days of King Henry VI, he was thoroughly independent, and it was this in particular that endeared him to his royal master. The latter has so frequently found his friendship and favor used by members of his entourage to serve private and



General Stevens.

Reuben Sassoon.

Colonel Fitz George.

The Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Cambridge.

Captain A. Fitz George.

Christopher Sykes.

# THE PRINCE OF WALES AND A GROUP OF HIS FRIENDS.

From a photograph by Feight, Hambury.



selfish interests—of course General Probyn and Frank Knollys are out of the question—that he appreciates, more than any one else, the value of that rarest and most highly prized of all good things, disinterested friendship and affection.

Mention of poor Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson's death reminds me that there is a sort of unwritten but recognized rule among the members of the various royal households, that they should invariably appoint colleagues as executors to take charge of the disposal of their papers and property, with the object of preventing anything that could possibly compromise their masters or mistresses from falling into wrong hands. This has especially been the case since a number of letters and documents calculated to affect injuriously the memory of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, passed into the possession of strangers at the demise of Sir John Conroy, the unpopular controller of the duchess' household. These papers had to be bought back at a high price in order to prevent their being put up at public auction in London.

Few people have any idea how well read a man is the Prince of Wales. I remember, a year or two ago, being much amused by seeing a paragraph in the *London World* over the signature of the late Edmund Yates, declaring that "His Royal Highness' reading is very limited." Quite the reverse is the case. Not a single new book of importance appears in either English, German, or French, that does not receive the prince's attention, and every literary *primeur* is read and discussed at Marlborough House or Sandringham long before its review appears in the *London press*. There are several French authors, notably Alphonse Daudet, Zola, and Bourget, who make a point of sending one of the very first copies of each of their works to the Prince of Wales. I recall M. Gambetta expressing to me, on one occasion, the most unbounded surprise that a man who had the reputation of being so exclusively addicted to pleasure should have read so much. Volumes of personal memoirs, especially, the prince not merely peruses but simply devours. Among other subjects of literature discussed by the great French statesman and the British heir apparent, on the occasion of their first meeting at a *déjeuner* at the Hotel Bristol, was an American work, the memoirs of Nassau Senior, of which it was manifest that the prince had made a complete and appreciative study. And to show how catholic are his tastes and those of the princess, I may mention in confidence that I

have known a package of nihilistic literature, including Tchernyshevsky's "What Is to Be Done?" and other equally revolutionary writings, to be despatched to Sandringham at their personal request.

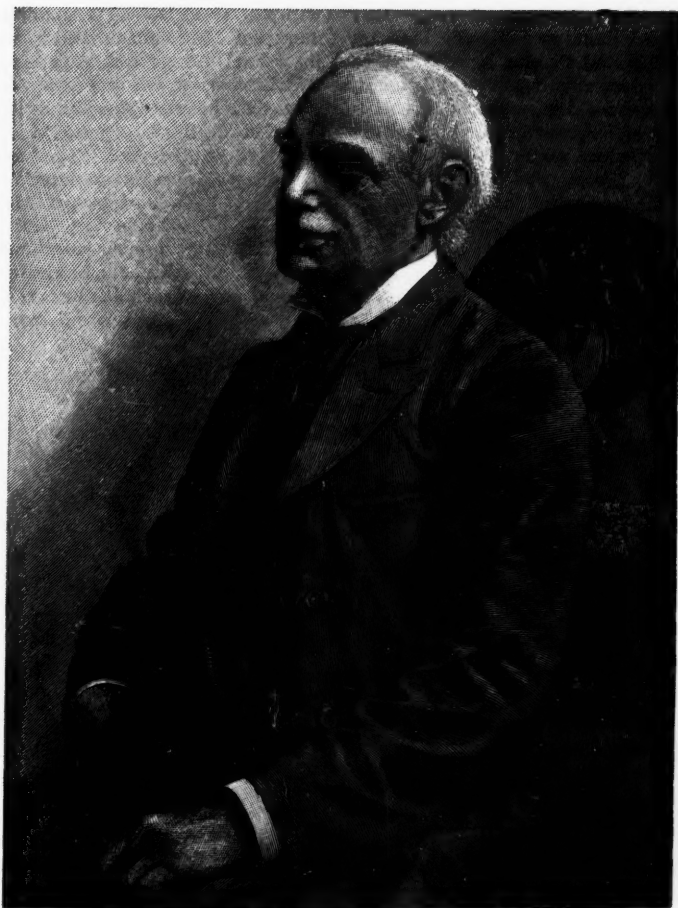
I should not like to conclude these brief notes concerning a prince at whose hands I have since my boyhood received many a kindness, without paying a glowing tribute to his characteristically British fondness of sport, and to his goodness of heart. That he is a sportsman in the best and broadest sense of the word not even his most bitter detractors would venture to deny. If the Royal Yacht Squadron has adopted a more conciliatory and less obstinate attitude in connection with the America's Cup race, it is entirely owing to the influence of the royal commodore of the club.

Yachting, horse racing, and shooting are the phases of sport for which the prince manifests the greatest predilection, and every one of his countrymen rejoiced last year when with his yacht, the *Britannia*, he was able to retrieve on the waves the almost unbroken run of ill luck that has marked his career on the turf. He maintains a costly racing stable, cleverly managed, and has figured as the owner of some fine stock; but somehow or other, the crimson and gold—his racing colors—never seem to win. He has almost given up hoping to carry off the blue ribbon of the English turf, the Derby, a victory which such a true Briton as the prince would prefer to almost everything else under the sun. Indeed, I believe that our heir apparent would far sooner win the Derby than become king, just in the same way that his crony, Lord Rosebery, made no secret of his setting higher store on the victory of his horse *Ladas* at Epsom, last year, than on his promotion, a few weeks earlier, to the premiership of the British empire.

In this manner of looking at things the prince is thoroughly in touch with his countrymen, who prize true sport above everything else, and consider it as atoning for almost any shortcoming. Not that "Uncle Bertie," as his nephews and nieces affectionately call him, stands in much need of any such indulgence. For his faults are neither very grave nor very numerous. They are of the class so pleasantly described by the French as *les petits vices*, constituting the Rembrandt shading calculated to bring the very attractive points of his character into greater prominence; and they are the result, not of any evil instincts, but of the generous temperament and of the warm heart of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

*Ex Diplomat.*





*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

## A FAVORITE ACTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

*James Henry Stoddart, and his notable contribution to the history of the American comedy stage—Some personal reminiscences as told by himself.*

**I**T is not simply because he is the oldest of our stock company actors that J. H.

Stoddart is always sure of a hearty recognition from an American audience. It is the reward of a man who has never slighted his work; who has always given to the public the best that there was in him. If he could not do this, he would throw up his part.

It was Stoddart's conscientious recognition of his limitations that opened the way for Richard Mansfield to make his hit with *Baron Chevrial*. The older actor had studied and struggled with the rôle, finally realized that he was not the man to play it,

and had the courage to say so. Versatility is not genius.

James Henry Stoddart is now sixty eight years old. He began to act when he was a small boy in Glasgow, going on with his father and brother, earning a shilling a night when he spoke, and sixpence when he didn't. He was thus brought into contact with players whose names still spell fame.

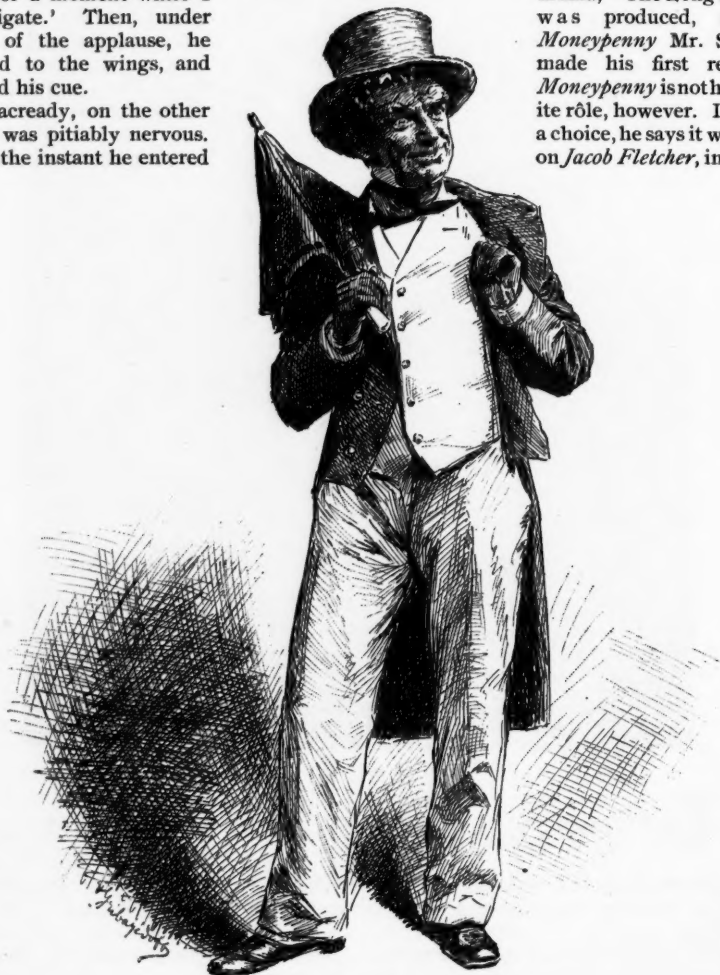
"Yes, I remember Charles Keene well," he told the writer. "He was a bad study—like myself, though when I have once committed lines, I don't easily forget them. Not so with poor Keene. But he had admirable presence of mind in the trying

emergencies that resulted. I recall that once, when his memory had gone back on him in the midst of a scene, he advanced to the footlights and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, they are making such a racket behind that I really must crave your indulgence for a moment while I investigate.' Then, under cover of the applause, he stepped to the wings, and secured his cue.

"Macready, on the other hand, was pitifully nervous. From the instant he entered

with the formality of a summons to jury duty, but Mr. Wallack used to invite us to his home. There was something to eat, a little to drink, the play was read, and the parts distributed *en famille*, as it were."

It was during this period that the melodrama, "The Long Strike," was produced, and as *Moneypenny* Mr. Stoddart made his first real hit. *Moneypenny* is not his favorite rôle, however. If he had a choice, he says it would fall on *Jacob Fletcher*, in "Saints



J. H. Stoddart in "Two Wives to One Husband."

the theater he was mumbling over his lines, and the least noise distracted him. He insisted that the carpenters should wear list slippers as they went about their work."

Mr. Stoddart came to America in 1854 as a member of the elder Wallack's company at the Broome Street house.

"Those were the times when the actor and the manager felt that their interests were one. When a new play was under consideration, our parts were not sent to us

and Sinners." That play was first brought out in this country at the Madison Square—now Hoyt's—where Mr. Stoddart went with A. M. Palmer from the Union Square.

"I must tell you a singular thing about this part," added the veteran artist. "I had not played it for three years when a short time ago I was asked to appear in it with a cast of Salt Lake amateurs, including some of Brigham Young's granddaughters. And mighty bright girls they were, too.

For those three years I had not looked at the lines, but when I went upon the stage, on the night of the performance, they came to me without any trouble whatsoever."

Mr. Stoddart had something interesting to tell about Bronson Howard's "Banker's Daughter," one of the greatest successes ever produced at the old Union Square. In its original form it was called "Lillian's First Love," and was thought to be so hopelessly stupid that Mr. Palmer refused to cast it. But a new play must be procured from some source, and at last, as a *dernier res-*

what not. There was constant worryment, loss of time, disappointment, and then I made the luckiest strike of my life—not a long one this time, for I didn't hesitate when the chance came to exchange that farm for this house."

The house referred to is Mr. Stoddart's New York home, a handsome corner dwelling on Park Avenue and Seventy Seventh Street. His summers he passes at Sewaren, New Jersey, where sailing is his prime enjoyment.

Off the stage Mr. Stoddart is one of the



J. H. Stoddart in "A Prisoner for Life."

sort, Mr. Cazauran, the scissors and paste man of the house, was called in to see if he could not cut down and patch up "Lillian" so as to make her fairly presentable. The result all the world knows, and Mr. Howard received his first impetus along the path of dramatic fame.

"Have I ever had a fad or hobby? No; or let me see—perhaps you might call my farm one. In my Wallack days I thought it would be charming to own a place in the country. Its quietude, after the bustle of the theater, would, I imagined, be just the right sort of equalizer for an actor's nerves. So I put some money into a piece of land out by Rahway, and then I got to experimenting with garden truck, flowers, and

most courteous and genial of men, the greatest possible contrast to the temperament of old *Mr. Austen*, the rôle he is at present playing in "The Fatal Card." He will go with this company as far as Chicago, then return to his home in Sewaren for the summer. Next season he is to be associated with Mrs. Agnes Booth in Charles Frohman's production of "The Sporting Duchess" at the Academy of Music.

There is so little self conceit in Mr. Stoddart's recollections of his own achievements on the stage that he has quite forgotten the names of the characters he impersonated in many of the plays of his repertoire. And he owns not a single photograph of himself in character.

Matthew White, Jr.



## AT THE FLORIST'S.

## I.

OH, here are Jacks and mignonette,  
And tulips and heartsease ;  
I wonder which I'd better get ?  
My lady's hard to please.

## II.

I'm sure what charmed her yesterday  
She will not like tomorrow.  
Her fickle taste must have its way,  
I've found out—to my sorrow !

## III.

Sweet violets I send her till  
My pocketbook is flat,  
But she won't wear them lest they kill  
The roses in her hat.

## IV.

And when I buy her roses,  
She asks, when she comes down,  
How any one supposes  
She could wear them with that gown !

## V.

I think and think for hours ;  
I bore the florist's men ;  
But when I send her flowers,  
It's a case of "guess again !"

*Harry Romaine.*



## THE THREE WAYS.

UPON the journey of my life I came unto a place where the road branched out into three ways, and I knew not which to choose.

Before me stretched a fair, broad path whereon were many wayfarers, and I asked of one that was about to tread it, "What path is this?"

He answered with kindling eyes, "It is the path of Art."

"And what lieth at the end thereof for guerdon?"

He answered, "Fame."

Then all my soul was hot within me to follow, but I bethought me of the other paths, and I delayed my choice yet a little while. I turned my eyes upon the road that lay unto the right; and behold, it was shaded upon either side with fair green branches. It seemed, in sooth, a goodly road to follow, and many were they that traversed it. I asked of a wayfarer, "What road is this?"

And he answered me, "It is Love's road."

"And what, I pray thee, lieth at the end of it?" I questioned him.

He answered, "Pain."

Nevertheless did this road seem unto my enchanted eyes yet more alluring than the first road, and I had already put my foot upon it to follow it, when I remembered

me of that other path; and I delayed a moment longer.

Upon this road, the one that lay to the left of me, I cast my eyes. It was a dim and narrow path leading into the far distance. It was but sparsely traveled; and even of those that set foot upon it, but few kept on their way. For the most part they turned again, and choosing one of the other roads, put the thought of the way that they had tried to follow out of their minds forever. And of those that did not turn there were some that dropped by the wayside.

I met a traveler fleeing with his eyes upon the way of Love, and I asked of him, "What road is this?"

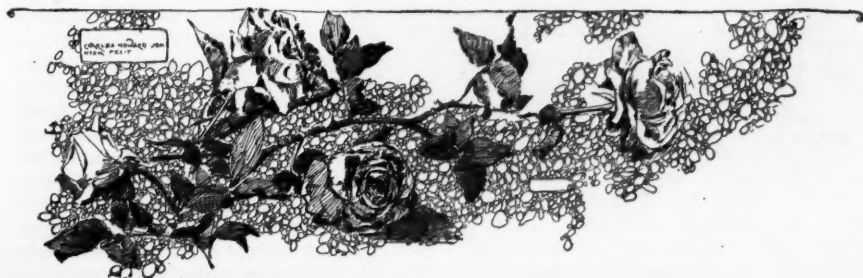
And he answered shudderingly, "It is the path of Duty."

Then I said unto him, "What lieth at the end thereof as guerdon?"

And he answered, "The unknown. It is a cold, dim, desert path, and there is no end unto it, save only death."

Then did I turn my back upon the path of Art and the path of Love, and set my face unto the way of Duty; and why I have chosen thus I do not know, but in the watches of the night, when all false values fade away, and good and evil stand forth clearly revealed, my soul approves my choice.

*Elizabeth C. Cardozo.*





## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"HE is a dear, silky, gentle manikin," wrote the Princess Clementine of Belgium to a friend in England when the Prince of Naples was visiting Brussels with the intention of asking the daughter of the Count of Flanders to become his wife; "a manikin," she added, "such as one would like to wear on one's muff, but marry—never, *jamais!*"

Clementine had seen His Royal Highness but at a distance. In fact, she refused to meet him, pleading that she was still in mourning for Prince Baldwin. The Crown Prince of Italy is a slender, fragile little man, dresses like an English dude, and sports an eye glass, but his personality is stronger than his appearance would suggest. Taking him all in all, he is certainly worthy of the attention of marriageable young women of the blood royal. Excepting the hereditary Duke of Saxe Meiningen, it would be

difficult to name a young prince who is half so well educated as Victor Emanuel. He may not sit a horse as splendidly as some of his *bons frères* of more athletic build, but even the German Emperor has admitted that he is a "strategic wonder." The Kaiser also dubbed him "the wandering royal encyclopedia."

There is, however, one drawback to Victor Emanuel's success with the ladies: he is an inveterate garlic eater. When he made love to Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, he so frightened the poor girl that she ran off with Baron Seefried, and, after an unconventional honeymoon, married that insignificant Prussian lieutenant.

Queen Victoria conferred the Order of the Garter on the Prince of Naples to induce him to take off her hands Feodora of Schleswig, the youngest sister of the German Empress. The prince was willing

enough, and the royal maiden even consented to change her creed to obtain a crown. That was before they met. The Kaiser introduced the young people to each other in Berlin at a state ball, and the same evening Feodora returned to her mother in Dresden. The Count of Flanders' daughter was next on the program, with the result already told. During the last month the cable editors of our great dailies have been busy asserting and denying the possibility of a marriage between the Prince of Naples and Princess Maud of Wales. And it looks now as if Her Royal Highness was acclimatizing herself to the situation.

At any rate, a new and fitting receptacle for the Iron Crown of the Lombard kings has been completed in the Monza cathedral, and that historic emblem of honor has been renovated as if its employment at another great state ceremony was imminent. Will it ever touch the fair



The Prince of Naples.

From a photograph by d'Allessandri, Rome.

brow of a Protestant princess? "No one opposed to the doctrines of the Roman church may gaze upon the Iron Crown and live," said the Pontiff once. Gregory the Great spoke the words, when he presented Charlemagne's priceless jewel to Teudelinde of Bavaria. Since then Germans and Austrians have been driven from Italian soil, and the Pope calls himself a homeless prisoner in the Eternal City.

If Princess Maud can summon courage to marry the oft rejected Prince of Naples, the Iron Crown will probably not stand in the way of her happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE destruction of Nikola Tesla's electrical workshop, a few weeks ago, gave the world an anxious hour until it discovered the extent of its own loss. When Mr. Tesla said that it was only a loss of dollars and cents, and of some sentiment, as the laboratory contained his first models, people went on with a sigh of relief. As for his new machines, the inventor said that he could make them over again in his sleep, without availing himself of Mr. Edison's courteous and generous offer of the resources of his establishment at Orange.

The universal dismay over the possibility of Mr. Tesla's work being ruined brought out something of the personality of the modest young man of whom the *New York Sun* declared that "the men living at this time who are more important to the human race can be counted on the fingers of one hand; perhaps on the thumb of one hand." Mr. Tesla is a Servian, of good family. His father held the highest ecclesiastical rank open to a married clergyman of the Greek church, and his mother's brother is metropolitan of that church in Bosnia. His parents destined him for the same calling, but his bent toward invention was too strong, and he left college for a polytechnic school.

He says that at that time he was a visionary boy, without any practical knowledge of the world; yet already he had discovered that certain parts of the accepted dynamo

were superfluous, and had begun the experiments that resulted in his rotating field motor. When this machine, now widely used, was first perfected, it was with great difficulty that its young inventor was pre-



Nikola Tesla.

vented from publishing his discovery to the world instead of patenting it.

In appearance, Mr. Tesla is a modern Greek. Not all his researches have been among machines, for he is a metaphysician with something of his father's gift of oratory. His lectures before societies in New York, London, and Paris were recently collected into a book.

\* \* \* \* \*

AT about the time when Ismail the Little's dead body arrived in Egypt, Alexander the Great's grave was discovered in the Daniel Mosque of the city that bears the name of the Macedonian conqueror. And Abbas Pasha—"on whom may be the mercy of God in this undertaking"—is now seeking to perpetuate his own name by an endeavor to secure the relics for the Cairo Museum, where they would be accessible in future to savants and students. The Sheik of the Crypta refused to allow the removal of these relics, avowedly on account



The Khedive of Egypt.

From a photograph by van Bosch, Paris.

of some Moslem superstition, and perhaps, too, to conceal pilferings in which he has participated with the rest of the authorities of the Daniel Mosque. This incident is the only one in the young Khedive's career which calls for special comment. If he were only as relentless toward the thieving sheik as he is obstinate in his relations to the English, historical research might be materially assisted, and our knowledge of the life and customs of twenty two centuries ago might be considerably increased.

There is really nothing extraordinary about Abbas. He is the proud possessor of a yacht, a harem, a baby (that is, only one acknowledged as royal offspring), a stubborn temper, and a singular capacity for enduring snubs of all sorts. Now it is the Sultan who refuses him a daughter, now the English invaders who treat him like a truant school-boy. His refusal to let his grandfather, Ismail Pasha, die on Egyptian soil cannot be taken as an evidence of an elevated mind. Of course, he was not really free to act in the matter, but he might at least have made a show of doing the "right thing."

There is something weird and uncanny about the Ismail dynasty; the founder dethroned, exiled, bankrupt; the son, Mehemed Tewfik, foully murdered, and Abbas a "King Popinjay, gyrating as the weathercock does, blown about with every wind."

\* \* \* \*

"THAT pennant," said the lad who rowed me out to the Chicago, riding at anchor in the North River off Forty Second Street, "is only three hundred feet long today, instead of four hundred and twenty, its original length. But, then, the Chicago herself is a sort of back number. There are the New York, the——"

"Trade not good?"

"Oh, yes; I made only ten dollars in fares out of the Columbia during the week she was in these waters. The Chicago brought me more business in three days; but they don't go to see the ship; it's the captain they're after."

Captain A. T. Mahan, who received the writer of this

paragraph in his spacious cabin, is a tall, spare man, much thinner in the face than is indicated by his portraits, even the best ones, of which we print a specimen.

"I do not know what I will do next," he said. "The Chicago, you know, is going out of commission for the present. My new book? I expect it to be 'The Life of Nelson.' For this I have collected material during our stay abroad; but as to the time of publication, it would be impossible to fix a date, even within the next five years. I am still concerned with the preliminaries of the work."

We talked of his great book, "The Influence of Sea Power on History." "Yes," said Captain Mahan, "the German Emperor has been very kind to me on that account; but pray, do not believe all the newspapers said about our meeting. We exchanged some compliments—that's all."

So Lord Roberts' wish, so gracefully expressed at the banquet given in honor of the officers of the Chicago in London, about a year ago, and echoed by many of the foremost English strategic writers—that Mahan,

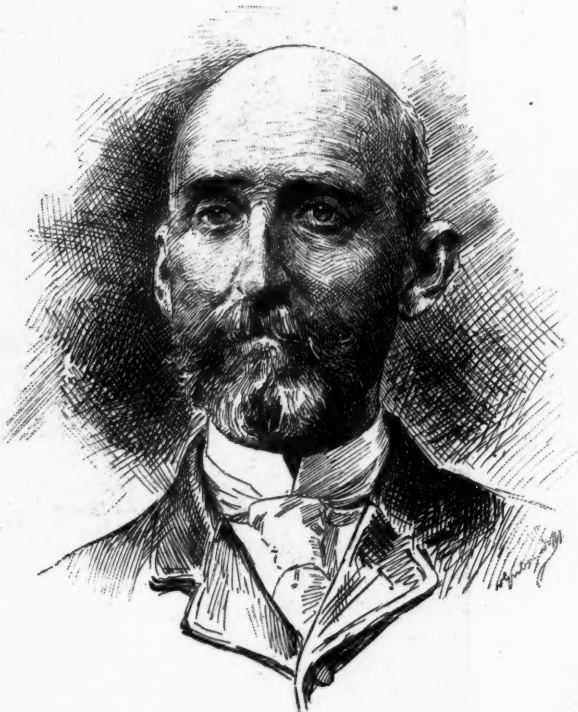
"who has done so much for the navy, might be induced to do something for the army, too"—has not changed the American historian's plans. He said, in the course of his reply to Lord Roberts, that "undertaking to write on naval subjects he had to cover a certain amount of dry and uninteresting ground, which made him welcome the narrative of brilliant and heroic deeds the more." The selection of his next literary subject shows that Captain Mahan means to indulge in the heroic, now that he has done with statistics. We may expect a truthful life of Nelson, and a great one; whether the true story of Nelson's death will be set forth, remains to be seen. There is a rumor in the British navy to the effect that the victor of Trafalgar was shot by one of his own men on duty on the mast, a sailor who, a few days before, had been severely flogged by the admiral's orders.

Like *Banquo's* ghost, this story will not down. Captain Mahan would certainly add to the interest of his book if he sifted it to the bottom. In October next the ninetyeth anniversary of Nelson's death will occur. The greatest of English admirals dying in the Victory's miserable cock pit, a renowned American historian writing the history of Nelson's life in the luxurious cabin of a swift, modern man of war! Coincidences and contrasts! And, as my skipper said on the homeward stretch, "You were disappointed in her, sir, weren't you? She isn't in it with the new boats! I hope you won't mind the wetting you got," he added. "I have to 'divvy up' the fare with the cop on the wharf. Lexow hasn't got to Forty Second Street yet."

\* \* \* \*

WHEN Joaquin Miller sent us the photograph engraved on page 182, he was on the eve of starting upon a long Pacific voyage. In March he came back from Honolulu, and took up his hermit-like life in the curious dwelling, or rather collection of dwellings, that is his home.

This is the way in which the name, the calling, and the abode of the Poet of the Sierras are set down in the city directory of Oakland, California: "C. H. Miller, Fruit Grower, Residence on the Heights." When he came back to the Pacific Coast after his strange career in the East and in Europe, Miller bought a tract of barren



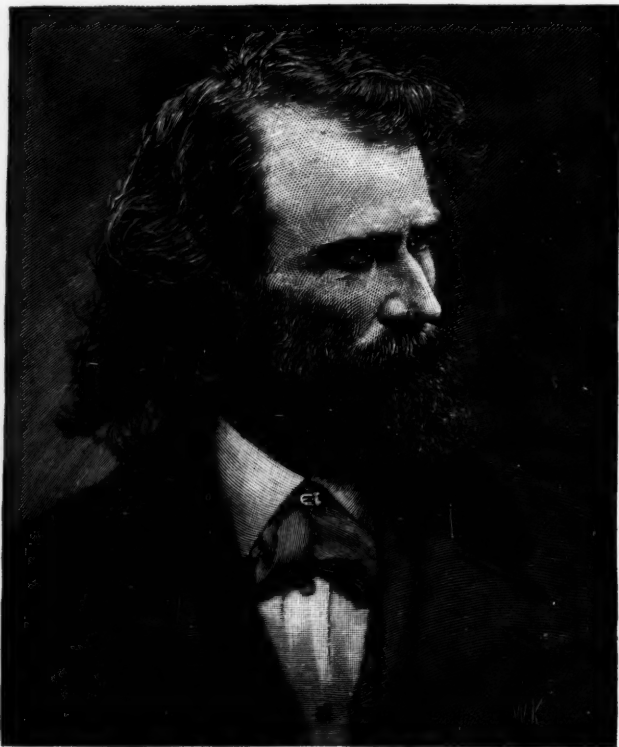
Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N.

Drawn by V. Gribayidoff from a photograph by Child, Newport, R. I.

land upon the hills that overlook the Golden Gate, and made it into a fruit and flower garden, with fountains and fish ponds and groves of Italian olives and chestnut trees. Much of the work was done with his own hands, for he believes as thoroughly as Count Tolstoi in a literal and universal obedience to the divine command that man shall earn bread in the sweat of his brow. Instead of one house upon his domain, he built four little cabins. In one of these he sleeps and writes; in one he receives his guests; the third is his brother's quarters, and in the fourth his mother lives and prepares her sons' food. At the furthest corner of his land the poet has a retreat to which he goes when he desires a still more perfect solitude.

Miller expresses himself with characteristic intensity upon the condition of affairs in Honolulu, where the established regime pleased him not at all. He says of President Dole's government that "there has been nothing so monstrous since the Reign of Terror." But the author of "Songs of

tempt into an expression of friendship and good will. For Herbert it means a recognition of his right to the princely and ducal title earned and borne by his father—a little question (of great consequence in Europe) that has always been a matter of doubt.



Joaquin Miller.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

the Sierras" is a poet, with all a poet's perfervid and sensitive nature, and the republicans of Hawaii may question his possession of the qualities that make sound political judgment.

\* \* \* \*

"How art thou?" (*"Wiegehl's Dir?"*) said the Kaiser to Herbert Bismarck when he came to congratulate the Iron Chancellor on the occasion of the latter's eightieth birthday. In the times of the Holy Roman Empire, which, according to Voltaire, was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire, the German emperor addressed all men in the second person; they were so far beneath him as to appear like pygmies in His Majesty's eyes. But in ninety years of progress the imperial "thou" has developed from a term of con-

tempt into an expression of friendship and good will. For Herbert it means a recognition of his right to the princely and ducal title earned and borne by his father—a little question (of great consequence in Europe) that has always been a matter of doubt. Count Herbert would be the most misjudged of men, if he had remained the most talked of. Like Siegfried Wagner, who made a fool of himself in Buda-Pesth the other day by assuming too much as the great maestro's heir, Herbert is in many respects merely a "son of his father"; but it would be going too far to deny his talents and social qualities, as the great chancellor's enemies continually do. Above all, he has had eighteen to twenty years' training in statecraft under his sire's very eyes. That alone should make him extremely valuable in the government service. He knows it, too; only a few weeks ago he refused the post of ambassador to St. Petersburg on the plea that the present secretary of foreign affairs was not to his liking.



If Herbert was merely a figure head labeled with the name of the greatest statesman of the age, he would never have dared to refuse the appointment, for his and for his father's sake—not when it came from Kaiser Wilhelm! For, whatever may be said of His

Princess Bismarck interrupted her husband with the words: 'If that report had been true, I would never have forgiven you for beginning this war.' "

Bismarck never had any secrets from his wife, and the late princess was certainly



Count Herbert von Bismarck.

*From a photograph by Bassano, London.*

Majesty, he will not accept impertinence from a nobody.

An Italian diplomat, who with Signor Crispi visited Bismarck at Varzin, about ten years ago, told a characteristic anecdote concerning Herbert:

"The prince," he said, "was telling us how one day, during the Franco Prussian war—it was shortly after the battle of Sedan, I believe—he received news that Herbert had been shot and killed in an engagement before Metz. At this point the

well informed as to which of the cabinets, that of Berlin or Paris, forced war upon the other. So the mother's love for her eldest son revealed a secret of state, which has been disputed in history up to this day.

Herbert has talents, but no genius; like his sire, he is impulsive, but unlike him, he lacks diplomacy. He therefore is apt to make enemies in public life without being capable of winning a corresponding number of friends. As Bismarck's successor in the chancellery, a post for which he

had been booked under the old emperor, he would have made a gigantic failure, undoubtedly, as he would never have been able to get along with the Reichstag—a body that is not wholly disinclined to take a bluff, but must have it served up wittily and cleverly.

Pending his return to politics, Herbert

ate by a Bayard or a Saulsbury. The seat had come to be regarded as theirs by proscriptive right. Anthony Higgins, however, did not so consider it, and he quietly took possession of it.

His election in 1889 proved a fortunate event to his party, as the presence of the first Republican Senator from Delaware



Senator Higgins of Delaware.

*From a photograph by Brown, Wilmington.*

Bismarck played the gentleman of means and "family" like one to the manner born. He is more of an Englishman than a German in general aspect and habits—kindly, gallant, and a great favorite with the ladies. Since his escapade with the Princess Carolath, about ten years ago, the society papers have had no further use for him as a scandalous possibility. He is now a happy husband and father, looking after his estates, and spending about one third of his income, which means in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand dollars annually.

\* \* \* \*

ANTHONY HIGGINS might be not inaptly termed a man of destiny. For twenty years and more the important little State of Delaware had been represented in the Sen-

prevented a tie in the national chamber. When he took his seat in that body he extended his reputation as a man of surprises. A fellow member bestowed upon him a title which in New York politics is a recognized appanage of Mr. Chauncey Depew. "This Delaware peach that has dropped in upon us," said a grave and reverend legislator, "is apparently bound to upset all our traditions."

The remark was called forth by a characteristic action on the part of Mr. Higgins. He calmly moved for an executive session of the Senate, although it was the time honored custom for such a motion to be put by the oldest member, who at that time was Senator Edmonds of Vermont. When the Senate had recovered from its astonish-

ment at his audacity, the gentleman from Delaware insisted on his right, and carried his point.

Perhaps the most notable law case in which Mr. Higgins ever figured was one in which he obtained a new trial for a negro client on the ground that, as negroes were not then allowed to serve on juries, it was impossible for his client to be tried by a jury of his peers. The point had never been raised in Delaware, and Mr. Higgins was successful in his contention.

Senator Higgins is a bachelor. He is three years older than another celebrated Senatorial bachelor, Senator Hill. He graduated at Yale, and was admitted to the bar in 1864. As a speaker, he is painstaking and effective, and has made a reputation as a champion of American rights in the politics of the world.

\* \* \*

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES is a New Yorker who comes from New York. His father, George Sickles, was a patent lawyer in the metropolis, and he was born in the old Ninth Ward. It is more than fifty years since the shingle that proclaimed him a practising attorney first swung from an office in Nassau Street.

General Sickles is a remarkable man who has had an eventful career. His dominant characteristic is force. His physical energy has always been indomitable: When he was in the State Senate in 1858, he talked the original Broadway Railway bill to death in a manner that tested his endurance to the utmost. A rule had been passed allowing but five minutes' consideration for each amendment; but notwithstanding this restriction Senator Sickles performed the remarkable achievement of talking for fourteen hours against the measure, which was consequently lost—to the satisfaction of his constituents.

During his service as counsel to the corporation of New York, a case was proceeding before a judge to whom Sickles was not exactly *persona grata*. The presence of an important witness then in Washington became necessary, and he was telegraphed for. Pending his arrival, Counsel Sickles held

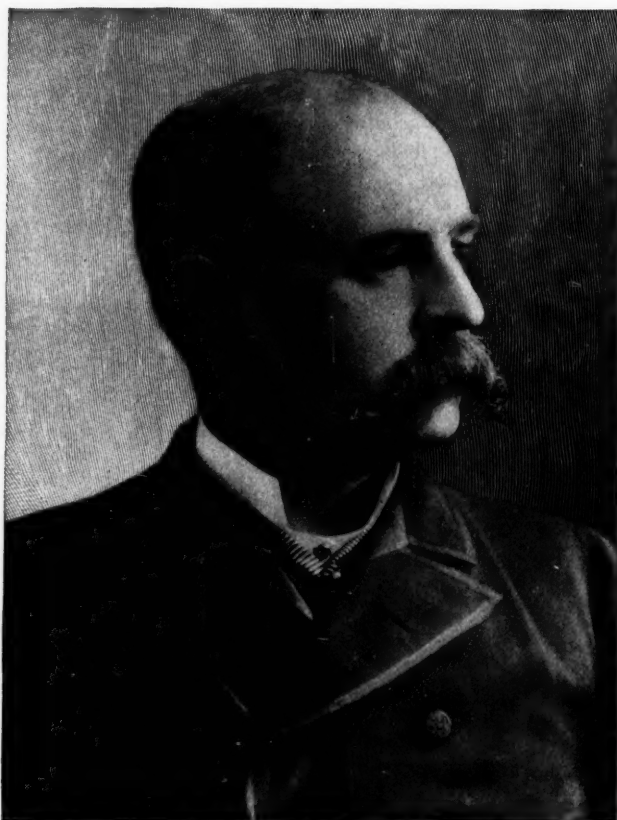


General Daniel E. Sickles.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

the court in session by a continued address while the train bearing the witness sped from Washington to New York. It was unique as an effort of mental and bodily force exerted under trying circumstances.

It was in February, 1859, that General Sickles startled the world by shooting and killing Philip Barton Key in Washington for the alleged offense of invading the sanctity of his home. After a memorable trial, Sickles was acquitted of the charge of murder. His war record is a part of the history of the country. As is well known, he left his right leg on the field of Gettys-



J. Edward Simmons.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

burg, after a display of valor that won him his brightest laurels.

The story is told that when, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade.

"Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to the table, he continued, "Treat it as you would the enemy."

As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle bags.

"What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished general.

"Obeying orders, sir," replied the captain in a firm voice. "You told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and

you know, general, what we can't kill, we capture."

\* \* \* \*

JOSEPH EDWARD SIMMONS is a New York bank president who is widely known beyond the circles of metropolitan finance. He represents a type that is all too uncommon in our great cities—the man of wealth, culture, and influence who plays a disinterested and public spirited part in the affairs of the community. He has figured in many worthy movements, and his services to the board of education, rendered as a member of that body, are well remembered.

Mr. Simmons comes of sterling New Hampshire and Knickerbocker stock. Troy was his birthplace, Williams College his *alma mater*; but he settled in New York as soon as he had been admitted to the bar. His reputation as a man of affairs has been made by following the principle which General Taylor, of the *Boston Globe*, has

crystallized into a maxim: "Wait till the crisis arises, then annihilate it."

It was at a crisis in the affairs of the Fourth National Bank that Mr. Simmons—although he did not own a share of the

public attention within the last few years, one of the most successful is said to be that of Lady Grey-Egerton, *née* Miss Cuyler, of Morristown, New Jersey. Her husband, Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey-Egerton, comes



Lady Grey-Egerton.

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

stock, was not personally known to the directors, and had never before been within the walls of the banking house—was summoned to its presidency. That crisis has long since passed. In his management Mr. Simmons has shown the same executive ability that he displayed during his two terms as president of the Stock Exchange.

\* \* \* \*

MUCH has been said against international marriages, and few have arisen in their defense; yet not all of them, by any means, are failures. Of those that have attracted

of a long line of English baronets. His country seat, Oulton Park, in Cheshire, has been a family possession ever since the time of Richard III.

It is said that on Lady Grey-Egerton's wedding day, as she entered the church, in full view of the expectant crowd, she halted her bridesmaids while she took a careful survey in a mirror, to assure herself that her coiffure was adjusted with mathematical accuracy. Such an endowment of self-possession at critical moments should qualify her for "the caste of Vere de Vere."



## THE STAGE

GRAND OPERA in America has just closed a banner season. Both the Italian-French and the German companies have enjoyed unexampled prosperity. The latter organization, under Walter Damrosch's direction, gave only Wagner's works, and during their five weeks' stay at the Metropolitan in February and March, Max Alvary sang *Siegfried* for the hundredth time. A coincidence lay in the fact that it was on this same stage that he made his first appearance in the rôle, November 9, 1887.

Herr Alvary's home is in Hamburg, but he has a beautiful summer residence in Thuringia, whose windows afford him a view of the Venusberg, the mountain figuring so prominently in "Tannhäuser." This house he designed himself, for he is an architect of no mean ability. The great tenor is wholly wrapped up in his domestic happiness, and enjoys above everything else the companionship of his wife and their seven children.

Frau Rosa Sucher, the prima donna



Rosa Sucher.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.



Max Alvary.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

of the German forces, is the daughter of a musician, and was brought up in a small Saxon town. The director of the Munich Hoftheater heard her sing in a church choir, and arranged that she should have a complete education in music. Her greatest success has been won in "Tristan and Isolde." She is the *Isolde* whenever the opera is given at Bayreuth. For years she has been the principal singer at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and since the retirement of Materna she divides with Fräulein Matten, of Dresden, the rank of leading dramatic soprano of the Fatherland.

\* \* \* \*

LILLIAN NORDICA has a boundless admiration for Frau Cosima Wagner, who

personally superintends every detail of the performance of her husband's operas at Bayreuth. "The intimate knowledge," says Madame Nordica, "that she has of every note of the music, every part of the poems, every detail of the costumes, and every gesture and movement in the action, is simply astounding."

Nordica sang in Bayreuth last summer, which left her only five weeks' vacation. This was spent in Lucerne, where she had a steam launch, and went fishing every day upon the beautiful Alpine lake. She sang during this period only once, and then as an act of charity. Her permanent home is in London, where she has a handsome house in Regent Terrace.

REJANE has come, but she can scarcely be said to have conquered—at least not the audiences who had previously seen the Pitou production of "Madame Sans Gêne" as done in English at the Broadway Theater.



James K. Hackett as "de Neipperg" in "Madame Sans Gêne."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

The scenery was deplorably small for the stage of Abbey's, but this was to be expected, as it was the same that had served in the original production at the Paris Vaudeville. But it was rather surprising to find the performance go off with so little snap and spirit. The *Napoleon* of M. Duquesne was distinctly inferior to Mr. Cook's impersonation, both in make up and in the reading of the lines. Decidedly feeble in the French

version, too, was *de Neipperg*, played so excellently at the Broadway by James K. Hackett.

This young actor, who is the son of the famous "Falstaff" Hackett, started in as an amateur, making a good record in plays brought out by the College of the City of New York. He is steadily advancing in the character of the work he does, and promises to be a fitting representative of the name he bears.

To return to Madame Rejane, endowed no more with the gift of beauty than is Miss Kidder, it is only in the prologue that she excels the American delineator of *Catherine* in lending a true French sparkle to the rôle. In the deportment lesson scene of the first act, Miss Kidder's work is far more free and effective.

Henry Irving, by the way, is said to be contemplating a London production of "Madame Sans Gêne" some time next year. He intends to play *Napoleon* himself, being at present engaged in collecting data to prove that the "little corporal" was really long and lank.

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"THE FATAL CARD" enjoys the distinction of being the best cast melodrama ever produced here. It is quite unlikely, however, that its success will flood the stage with "penny dreadfuls" turned into scenic form. Charles Frohman is the only manager who has at his command people able to lift such a piece above the level, on which it would remain if it had been brought out as

most such plays are—with a reliance on the "thrilling effects" alone. W. H. Thompson, who plays the leading villain, is a most accomplished actor. The difference he makes in his appearance and manner between the first act—where he is a Rocky Mountain "tough"—and the others, which present him as the gentlemanly head of a band of criminals in London, is a gap so wide as to seem scarcely capable of



Lillian Nordica.

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*

being spanned by the versatility of any one man.

Mr. Thompson is a great stickler for original thinking on the part of the player. He believes that the best work can be obtained only when the reasons for this particular bit of business, for that stress of

voice, are clearly defined in the actor's own mind. He condemns the parrot-like imitativeness of an actor who introduces his points simply because he has been taught to introduce them, or has studied the characterization entirely from a model.

"That is one great reason," Mr. Thomp-



W. H. Thompson and Amy Busby in "The Fatal Card."

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

son avers, "why so many actors in 'No. 2' companies fail. They are mere puppets, aping the originals without knowing why."

\* \* \* \*

THE hardest worked man in the "Fatal Card" cast is R. A. Roberts, who not only plays a part of many lines, but directs all the mechanism of the stage. It is under his personal eye that the wall falls with that tremendously effective crash in the explosion scene. This wall is built of several hundred separate blocks of wood, each heavy enough to kill a man if it struck him, and all numbered, so that they fit together like a child's

puzzle. When we are told that it requires half a day to build this up we wonder how the Saturday night performance is provided for, following so closely on the matinée, till we are informed that there are two walls, each hidden away beneath the stage and raised when required. The explosion is managed entirely by electric buttons, the pressing of one firing the cannon which supplies the noise for the bomb, while the touch of a finger to the other releases the mass of blocks and sends them clattering down.

Mr. Roberts likes to remember that he



has staged many of Charles Frohman's notable successes, including the first—"Shenandoah," half a dozen years ago, when, after comparative failure in Boston, the play was purchased by Mr. Frohman and brought to New York, where it ran for months to extraordinary profits at Proctor's.

those two occasions I had trodden those very boards as a super at sixpence a night."

We present two groups from "The Fatal Card," which reached its one hundredth metropolitan performance during the week of March 18 at the American Theater. It is to play in Chicago and San Francisco dur-



"The Fatal Card."—Reading the News of the Murder.

W. H. Thompson as "Marrable"—Amy Busby as "Margaret"—E. J. Ratcliffe as "Gerald Austen"—  
R. A. Roberts as "Harry Burgess."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

Another circumstance Mr. Roberts is fond of recalling is in connection with the Drury Lane Theater, London.

"I stood on the stage of that house last November," he says, "as the representative of Sir Augustus Harris, drawing a salary of twenty five pounds a week, which was exactly the sum I received for appearing on that same stage as an 'infant phenomenon' when I was five years old. And between

ing the spring, possibly returning for another New York run in the fall. Amy Busby and E. J. Ratcliffe do some of the best work of their careers in the last act. Not often do we find such a combination of personal attractiveness and dramatic ability as is displayed by these two young artists.

\* \* \* \* \*

MRS. LANGTRY has made something of a hit in comedy. "Gossip," the new play



Mrs. Langtry.

*From her latest photograph.*

written for her by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, and produced at Palmer's, March 11, affords the Jersey Lily an opportunity to bloom against a new background. She does this so agreeably that a foreground of crowded houses has been the gratifying result. Her voice, to be sure, issues from the roof of her mouth as persistently as ever; her clothes continue to claim—and receive—their equal share of applause, and there is the flavor of the divorce court about the play to remind one of the old repertoire. But there is a fresh

setting to it that is pleasing, and one comes away in good humor, which is the main thing, even if the piece draws heavily on the probabilities, and the star's gowns and diamonds outshine her pretensions as an actress. C. J. Richman's work is notably fine.

Mrs. Langtry was "discovered" by Frank Miles, an English artist. Millais gave her the name "Jersey Lily," on account of the delicacy and transparency of her complexion. She became the rage of London, was invited everywhere, and then, in the effort to keep up appearances in accord with



Grace Atwell.

*From a photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.*

their new environment, her husband's means gave out. He declared that they must economize, but this his wife refused to do.

"I will go on the stage and support myself," she said.

"If you do," Captain Langtry protested, "I will never live with you again."

And the breach thus made has never been healed.

\* \* \* \*

AUGUSTIN DALY is not a success as a theatrical Colossus of Rhodes, straddling the Atlantic. His past season in New York has been marked by a succession of failures. The five night run of "Heart of Ruby" had scarcely passed into oblivion when "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was sent into re-

tirement to keep it company. Not even Mr. Daly's happy thought of announcing, after the sixteenth performance, "the longest run on record of 'The Two Gentlemen,'" could prolong its life—a burden which had hitherto rested principally upon the shaggy shoulders of the little dog *Crab*.

\* \* \* \*

FIFTY parts in five years, studied and enacted by a girl not yet twenty two! Think of the hard work that stands for, ye young men and maidens who fancy a position behind the footlights to be a bed of roses. But Grace Atwell is ambitious to attain the heights, and realizes that these can be gained only by arduous climbing. And already she is far from the valley beneath.

A Boston girl, designed for a musical

career, she determined very early in life to become an actress. When her mother finally consented to let her prove, if she could, that her inclination was something more than a mere childish whim, Miss Atwell went to manager Field, of the Museum.

anxious to appear in classical drama, and after a season with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the opportunity came to her. As leading woman with the Joseph Haworth company, she is winning a name for herself in "Hamlet," "Richelieu," and other plays of



Mabel Potter.

*From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, New York.*

There happened to be an opening for an understudy just then, and she secured it. A promotion to speaking parts was not long delayed, and for three seasons she remained at this celebrated training school of the stage. Then came an engagement with "Shenandoah," in which, during one season, Miss Atwell played four of the leading rôles, going on in two of them—*Gertrude Ellingham* and *Jenny Buckthorn*—without rehearsal.

But this aspiring artist has always been

an order that puts the supreme test to the actor's abilities.

\* \* \* \*

E. E. RICE is to make a new departure this summer. He contemplates establishing a company at Manhattan Beach for the presentation of light opera in the best manner. In a theater specially constructed for warm weather, including plenty of room between the seats, such an entertainment, with Mr. Rice as its sponsor, ought to pay.

His "Little Christopher," meanwhile,



Cissy Fitzgerald.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, New York.

now on its way to the 300th mark, is more attractive than ever since Bessie Bonehill infused fresh life and "go" into the title rôle. The *Two Little Jays from Indiana*, impersonated by the Melville sisters, have established themselves as prime favorites in the variety program. They are the daughters of an Indiana clergyman, and their depiction of the shy, gawky country girl is a study from the life to be found around their home; not *in* it, for off the stage the Misses Melville are not only attractive in looks,

but exceedingly bright and clever young women.

We give a portrait of Mabel Potter, who plays *Imogene*, one of *Captain Slammer's* daughters. She first appeared on the stage four years ago with the McCaull company in "Boccaccio" at Palmer's. Later she sang at the Casino in "The Vice Admiral."

\* \* \* \*

THE New York public is not to be congratulated on the success of "The Foundling." It appears to have won simply



through the audacity that permeates it. Cleverness of construction it has none: the first act is much better than the last. Some of the speeches and many of the innuendos are risqué in the extreme, but as it is farce comedy, and not society drama, nobody seems to be shocked. It appears to be assumed nowadays that a laugh covers a mul-

SEY'S," she said, in her attractive little apartment up town, "only it's hard to know what to talk about. I am afraid my 'impressions of America' would be rather stale wouldn't they? But I like New York immensely. It is not as large as London—nothing is as large as London—but I like the people, they're so very hospitable. And



Cora Urquhart Potter.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

titude of vulgarities. There are some very good actors in the cast, notably E. M. Holland; and Cissy Fitzgerald as *The Tricky Little Maybud* is a pleasing feature of the production. Her dance fits neatly into the story, and her attempts at acting are taken in the most friendly spirit by delighted audiences, who ask only to see her pirouette about the stage and smile.

Miss Fitzgerald, who has danced her way into the hearts of a large number of New Yorkers, is extremely pretty, and off the stage she talks in a bright, clever fashion that is very entertaining.

"It is a pleasure to talk to you for MUN-

your women are charming. They tell you just what they think of you, and that is just what the London women never do. About myself? Oh, I'm enjoying my part in 'The Foundling' thoroughly. It is so much better than the 'Gaiety Girl.' I was fearfully tired of that, after the London season. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do after 'The Foundling.' That's sure to have a long run, you know."

\* \* \* \* \*

By rather an odd coincidence, Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter were playing this spring in the same week at two Broadway theaters. The point of similarity between these two

odd adjuncts of the stage are too well known to require further comment. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew have returned to us, after an eighteen months' tour of the world, with an entirely new repertoire. *Cleopatra* and her asps have been laid on the shelf, and now it is the more wholesome but more vindictive *Charlotte Corday* that engages Mrs. Potter's attention. And greater success has attended her in this play than has yet fallen to her lot. In the murder scene she really forgets Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter, and acts.

Mr. Bellew's *Marat* is a wonderful characterization. His own personality is utterly obliterated, and he succeeds in making the famous revolutionist almost loathsomely repulsive, displaying a power that at times rises to the height of real dramatic fervor.

\* \* \* \*

"JOHN-A-DREAMS" is a curious play—just the sort of drama one would suppose to be the result of collaborate work. And yet Haddon Chambers is responsible for the whole of it. The first act—on the deck of a schooner yacht at night—is really idyllic; the languor, the indolent ease, of the life is perfectly shaded forth not only in the lines, but in the tempo in which the action is taken. Few stage situations could be more effective than the discussion of the two friends, who suddenly find themselves lovers of the same woman, while that woman's voice, singing in the cabin below, floats up and mingles with their tones.

But all this charm, alas, is lost in the second and third acts, where it would seem a foreign hand must have been at work. There is no reason in *Kate's* holding out against *Harold's* offer to marry her after both his father and himself have heard her story; the point, regarded in the light of what follows, savors too strongly of being forced in order to make possible the drugging of *Harold* by his friend. The act, however, has a redeeming feature in the fine comedy work by Elsie de Wolfe.

In the fourth act, again, the yacht picture is charming, but it takes more than charming stage pictures to make a great play. Even with the superb cast and mounting provided for it at the Empire Theater, "John-a-Dreams" will fail of making any lasting impression. Its one strong dramatic situation lacks the deft handling that carried "The Masqueraders" to triumph.

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It would be a happy sign of the times if the disappointment meted out by "John-a-Dreams" tended to turn the public's interest from the seventh commandment order of

drama. Is it not time, indeed, that we tired of it?

Announcement is made that Richard Mansfield is at last to realize his ambition, and to manage a New York theater of his own. He has leased Harrigan's, which he has decided to call the Garrick, and will give the public—the thinking, self respecting public—the best plays. When he was in the metropolis last fall, the cleverest comedy that has been presented here in years—Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"—failed to please audiences that hastened to applaud the unsavory outputtings of Henry Arthur Jones.

We hope that Mr. Mansfield will not be discouraged over the reception accorded to work as clever, as clear cut, as brilliant, and as thoroughly wholesome, as Mr. Shaw's. After a winter of association with gamblers, libertines, opium victims, and women of the street, our theater goers may be ready in the spring to refresh themselves with dramas whose points are made by clever brain work, and in whose wake there lingers no trail of the serpent.

The very latest of these so called up to date plays has recently been brought out at the London Garrick, and positively oversteps all bounds of decency in the lengths to which it goes. It is by Pinero, is called "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb Smith," and has afforded Mrs. Patrick Campbell an opportunity to make another hit.

\* \* \* \*

"TRILBY," as a play, could be only one of two things—a notable success or a direful failure. There could be no middle ground of passable mediocrity for the dramatized form of a story so widely known. To be frank, direful failure was the general prediction, but astonishing success was the result of the first performance at the Park Theater, Boston, on March 11. Paul M. Potter has done his delicate task of adaptation with great cleverness, and A. M. Palmer has provided a company of rare excellence. Virginia Harned's *Trilby* is a remarkably accurate portraiture of George du Maurier's eccentric heroine, and the *Svengali* of Wilton Lackaye, although presenting this accomplished actor in an entirely new light, leaves little to be desired in the portrayal of the arch mesmerizer. Burr McIntosh is *Taffy*, and *Zou Zou* is played by Leo Dietrichstein, one of the authors of Mrs. Langtry's new comedy, "Gossip."

Next to *Trilby* herself, the public will be interested in the impersonator of *Little Billee*. Mr. Palmer's choice for this important rôle finally fell upon Alfred Hick-

man, a young Englishman of twenty two. Mr. Hickman joined Augustin Daly's company in the fall of '93, and was the clown in "Twelfth Night" during the London season, *Biondello* in the "Shrew," and lastly, *Ivishila* in the ill fated "Heart of Ruby."

"Trilby" will undoubtedly be playing all over the country before long. New York gets the original company, at the Garden Theater, "Little Christopher" being transferred to Palmer's to make way for it. Mr. Palmer has disposed of the rights, outside of seven large cities, to William A. Brady. We await in anxious expectancy to learn what casts will be provided for a play that is, to say the least, somewhat out of the recognized line of a gentleman chiefly known to the world as the enterprising manager of Mr. Corbett's assaults upon the drama.

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"My doctor says I must not have any serious conversation after seven," says *Lord Goring* in Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband."

"My brain decrees that I must only give one strong act to a play. It is really too much of a bore to do otherwise." Such would seem to be the nature of Mr. Wilde's communings with himself when planning this same "Ideal Husband." There is some clever work in the third act, which leads up to what ought to be still stronger situations in the fourth, but it all falls to pieces like a house of cards.

Daniel Frohman has staged the piece beautifully, but the only member of his company for whom it provides effective work is Rhoda Cameron, who enacts the adventuress with great ability. Mr. Gratton needs to be cautioned against anticipating his cues. At an exciting moment in the third act he exclaimed, "Who is that?" half a second or so before the noise betraying *Mrs. Cheveley's* presence in an adjoining room had been made.

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THIS magazine has always been a strong believer in the value of personality. We are more firmly convinced than ever that there is everything in the dominating influence of a clever man—or woman—since seeing "Too Much Johnson," which has been the comedy success of the season in New York. That a play which promises so much, and really gives so little, should run for six months to crowded houses, would seem unaccountable were it not for the fact that William Gillette, its author, plays the leading rôle with an imperturbability that is really colossal. There is absolutely no skill employed in working out the situa-

tions. Complications galore impend, but this is all. The climaxes are reached in helter skelter fashion, and the curtain falls on what is practically an unfinished play.

And yet we are told that Charles Frohman has made four times as much money out of "Too Much Johnson" as he received from "Charley's Aunt," itself a record breaker. But we fancy that without Gillette Mr. Frohman would find that he had indeed too much "Johnson."

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BEFORE the snow flies again New York is to have still another new theater—or rather two new theaters, for the Olympia, the great structure Oscar Hammerstein is putting up on the site of the old armory on Broadway, between Forty Fourth and Forty Fifth Street, is to include both playhouse and music hall. And over both of them is to be a vast roof garden, for summer and winter use. The site is a capital one for an enterprise of this sort, and although the metropolis already has more theaters than she can comfortably fill, the novelty of this new venture will do much to insure its success. Yvette Guilbert, the famous Paris *chanteuse*, has already been engaged for the opening of the music hall. The theater, which will be devoted to comic opera, will be an opera house on a small scale, as it will contain ninety eight private boxes. It is to be opened early in November with Rice's company in "Excelsior, Jr.," the new burlesque by R. A. Barnet, who wrote "1492."

While excavators are busy at the foundations of this new place of amusement, a very old one is being torn down. Niblo's Garden, which dates as a playhouse from 1837, closed its long and checkered career on the 23d of March, as the Metropolitan Hotel, in which it was situated, is to be razed to make room for an immense business building. Thus is blotted out the home of the early triumphs of spectacle in America.

David Henderson, the Chicago manager, appears to have a monopoly of American spectacular productions just now. His "Aladdin, Jr.," which fills out the spring season at the Broadway Theater, is a most elaborate production. John J. Burke, the comedian of the piece, stutters badly, and yet, strangely enough, this is not one of the bits of business he uses to make his *Crambo* funny. He appears to be able to master his infirmity better on the stage than off. He says himself, in speaking of his first appearance in public, "W-w-when I realized w-w-what I was going to d-do, I w-w-was too e-e-embarrassed to s-stutter."

## LITERARY CHAT

THE fact that the new *Lives of Napoleon* are so fashionable makes the dear public look rather foolish. Nobody pretends that they are written out of any startling new material, or that their authors are noted for profound reasoning or analytic dissection of the great man. They are simply new. Perhaps old books have to be translated every now and then into modern phraseology, to make them popular, but to the student it is merely a diluting process.

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CONAN DOYLE the other day summed up an opinion of Napoleon which will probably be of value to many who are wading through these new biographies with a weary sense of duty, determined to keep up with the times. There is nothing very heavy about it; it is modern, and fairly exact, coming out of years of study of Napoleon's times, plodded over with his sturdy thoroughness. Doyle adds to his brilliant capacity for telling a real story, an absolute correctness of historical detail, which he understands how to handle with anything but historical dullness.

"Napoleon was a wonderful man," Mr. Doyle said, "perhaps the most wonderful man that ever lived. What strikes me is the lack of finality in his character. When you make up your mind that he is a complete villain, you come on some noble trait; and then your admiration of this is lost in some act of incredible meanness. But just think of it! Here was a young fellow of thirty, a man who had had no social advantages and but slight educational training, a member of a poverty stricken family, entering a room with a troop of kings at his heels, and all the rest of them jealous if he spoke a moment longer to one than to another. There must have been a great personal charm about the man, for those intimate with him loved him. He was, too, the most amazing and talented liar that ever lived. He told the truth only to himself. The secret of his success seems to me to have been his ability to originate gigantic schemes that seemed fantastic and impossible, while his mastery of detail enabled him to bring his projects to completion where another man would have failed."

After all, that is about what you get out of the "*Lives*"—if you are clever enough to reason them out.

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"A PROPHET is not without honor, save in his own country." A Boston paper has been interviewing the editor of an American magazine which prints English novels almost exclusively, and he has this excuse to make for his lack of patriotism:

"There doesn't seem to be the right sort of genius in this country. I have been waiting for the home article to evolve itself; but it isn't

apparent yet. They seem to have produced a batch of story writers across the water, whose work sells at a pretty good price in America. There are no new literary geniuses in this country just now."

On the other hand, a recent letter from the editor of a well known English magazine to an American friend says, "If you Americans only knew how clever you were, and how much more brains you have than a lot of the literary carpenters over here who have such reputations in America, you would turn out the greatest literature in the world."

It is not hard for unbiased outsiders who are not enslaved to any "school" of writing to see why it is that American authors are falling short of the standard of good fiction, while not a few Englishmen are reaching it. It is simply this. The latter are stamping their work with a manly, rugged individuality which we instinctively recognize and appreciate as strength. The vast majority of our own writers, on the contrary, are men and women of moods. They revel in "vignettes," "pastels," and "etchings," and all the kindred host of misshapen forms of fiction in which the story is laid on, as it were, with one wash of milk and water. It is the easiest style and the laziest, and any one can write stories where the whole plot lies in a yearning look, or a crushed flower, or the sound of a hand organ coming in at the open window. When we have cast off this national fad of pretty writing, then, and not till then, shall we discover the unsuspected abundance of our own talent.

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WHEN Mr. Grant Allen wrote "*The Woman Who Did*" to satisfy, as he tells us, "his own taste and his own conscience," he no doubt had a premonition of the storm his work was destined to arouse. Whatever he has done for his own taste and conscience, it is very evident that he has grievously offended those of the critics, and they are buzzing about his head in righteous indignation. In "*The Woman Who Did*," Mr. Allen has dealt with dangerous topics, but he has done it with singular power. The interest grows with the progress of the story, and once taken up the book is not laid aside until the tragedy of *Herminia Barton* has been read to the very close. Miss Gilder has called Mr. Allen's work "vicious," and this it undoubtedly is, but it has the imprint of a master hand, and it is never coarse. It embodies a new theme, carefully planned and admirably worked out, but this is all that can be said in favor of "*The Woman Who Did*." Viewed from a moral standpoint it is unpardonable. *Herminia Barton's* creed is one that will never benefit the world one iota, one which no pure woman can fail to resent and condemn. The reader heaves a sigh of unfeigned relief at her death, the most priceless



gift she could possibly have bestowed upon her daughter.

PRESUMABLY we are to have another story of village life from Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is to be called "The Story of Bessie Costrell."

Somebody has said that if a story is a story, it remains clearly in the mind in all its details. Judged by that standard, the deformed poacher and his wife and child, in "Marcella," made a better story than that of the hero and heroine of the book. The success of "Esther Waters" has proven that people will read with interest a novel whose commonplaceness is unlightened by characters from the "carriage trade."

Eugene Field tells a story of his meeting Mrs. Humphry Ward at a London party, where he took her down to dinner. She looked at him with frigid eyes, and touched his arm in a frightened fashion. After she had reached the haven of her dining room chair, and found herself safe, she turned to the Chicago poet.

"Tell me, please," she asked, "something of the habits and customs of Chicago. I have never seen a native Chicagoan before."

"Well," drawled Mr. Field solemnly, "when they caught me I was living in a tree."

IF Mrs. Lynn Lynton had not a drop of the wildness of her "wild women," in her own blood, she would not be half so interesting. If she had a little more of the artistic sense which, unfortunately, is the exclusive property of some of them, she would write better novels.

For years Mrs. Lynton has been turning out slashing reviews for the magazines, telling all the vicious and deplorable things she knows about her own sex. She fairly foams over the desire to own a latch key, as it is evinced by some of England's young women. When Mrs. Lynton takes up a subject in a review, she has her say—and it is generally a very clever say. In a novel, there is a proportion which is not always observed. We knew that if we waited long enough she would set a novel on the shelves to quarrel with the "new woman" fiction. It has come, and for fear some interested person may overlook it, she has called it "The New Woman."

It narrates the trying tale of a noble, good young man who married a mean, new woman. She paints her cheeks, flirts with journalists, makes incendiary speeches, and is just as new as the newest, according to Mrs. Lynton's ideas. Contrasted with her is a sweet, delicate maiden, who cannot help attracting the noble, good husband. The new woman sees her folly, and lets the dye rust out of her hair, lets her cheeks grow pale, and tries to win her husband back. But he is disgusted with her as a faded, silly old person.

The plot, however, is about the poorest part of the novel, which contains some very good character sketches in Mrs. Lynton's best style.

THE recent exhibition of Edwin A. Abbey's paintings, illustrating one of the legends of the Round Table, has started a new study of that old

subject. In his splendid pictures, which are to be placed in the new Boston Public Library, Mr. Abbey went far beyond Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" for his conception of the search for the Holy Grail.

One of the most interesting books upon the subject has just been published. It is called "The Arthurian Epic," and is by S. Humphrey Curteen. The author says that these ancient romances were built up from local traditions and church legends, and were the outgrowth of the ecclesiastical conditions of the time of Henry II of England. Walter Map, who was Archdeacon of Oxford and Henry's chaplain, as well as a famous wit and courtier, was the author of much of their finest elements. He wrote them not only to amuse, but that the people might be instructed in the theology of the day. The stories spread all over Europe and even to Greece, and were sung by minstrels and troubadours in every hall. In those days few, even among the noblest, could read, and ears were used instead of eyes. But even when books became necessary and possible, almost the first one issued from the Caxton press was the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory.

It was Map's ideas that Abbey took for his pictures. In his legends, the search for the Holy Grail was typical of the whole series.

Mr. Curteen is the first man to put these old legends into modern and comprehensive prose, and a most interesting work has he made of it.

MARK TWAIN wrote a story, a year or two ago, which purported to be an exposé of the methods by which Jean François Millet became famous. According to Mr. Clemens, Millet was a party to the "booming" of his pictures, the climax being the artist's supposed death. Instead of dying, he was living comfortably in some out of the way place, and painting an "undiscovered" picture now and then.

Real life has a story—real life always has a better one tucked away somewhere—which has more tragic humor than Mr. Clemens' imaginary tale. William Watson, the English poet, has lately been declared by the London *Spectator* to rank with Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Keats. The poems which give him this prestige were written ten years ago, and published at his own expense. They were sold by the pound to second hand book stores, to paper makers, to anybody. Mr. Watson gave up writing verses in despair, and after trying to make a living in all sorts of ways, lost his mind through disappointment and hardship. He wandered about London, and one day, in a public park, approached the carriage of a royal prince. He was arrested. It was discovered that he was mad. It was also found that he was a poet, his poems were hunted up by enterprising newspapers—and he was discovered. A subscription was taken up, and the poor poet was sent to the country, for care and rest.

Nowadays his publishers pay him an income, and he writes when and as he chooses. His latest book of poems is selling rapidly, and he is taking rank with the great names of liter-



ature. But if the carriage that he accosted in his madness had belonged only to a publisher, or a critic, what would have happened?

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MAX O'RELL is very cross indeed with Mark Twain. He has said all the unpleasant things he knew about the morality of America, and some he didn't know, as statistics impolitely prove. He says that he is ready to give Mr. Clemens satisfaction in any way he likes. It is an alluring vision to picture Mr. Clemens and Mr. Blouet fighting a French duel.

Everybody wondered why Mark Twain would take the trouble to write a review of "Outre Mer," unless it was to make a padding for that joke which has caused all the trouble.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bourget made a real joke, in his dissection of America—a dissection of our national character which was evidently written out of "material," collected by a French secretary from newspaper files. Some of these authorities were confessedly comic papers, and others were periodicals given to that sensational variety of "Sunday special," which is accepted in America because we are all in the joke. Mr. Bourget declared that time could never hang heavy on an American's hands, because when he had nothing else to do, he could spend a few years trying to discover who his grandfather was.

Mr. Clemens said that was a fairly good joke, although not particularly new. It was born, he thought, about the date when somebody remarked that time could never hang heavy on a Frenchman's hands, for when he had nothing better to do he could spend an existence trying to find out who his father was.

It is this attack upon French morals which has aroused Mr. Blouet's wrath. He says that America is "another." He asserts that profound New York lawyers have told him so; and he has written a biting magazine article about it. Meanwhile we are realizing that however great Max O'Rell's humorous observation may be, he has no sense of humor as we know it.

\* \* \*

NOBODY ever thinks of the author of "Madame Chrysanthème" as being a married man. His wife never gets into print or has her photograph in the magazines. But for all that Mme. Julien Viaud is a very beautiful young woman, who has been the mother of two children. Her eldest son died, and Loti, who worshiped the boy, gave his name, Samuel, to the second, who is now four years old.

Mme. Viaud, Loti's mother, is a brilliant and clever woman of eighty, who still climbs mountains and goes to bull fights, and shows plainly enough where her son gets his picturesque imagination.

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THE Earl of Pembroke has introduced a new writer to English and American readers, in a preface to "By Reef and Palm" which is almost as good as the stories themselves. We are asked by the admirers of Louis Becke to herald him as another Stevenson, but we utterly refuse to do anything of the sort. Mr. Becke's short

and dramatic episodes are chiefly valuable because we know that he is telling something like the truth.

Lord Pembroke says, very pertinently, that "as a rule, the men who know, don't write, and the men who write, don't know." A story written out of somebody else's experience, out of second hand "material," may be a capital tale, but we are never going to give it the thorough respect that we accord to the fresh, genuine experience. When the man who can write, really knows, the world is at his feet. There are some geniuses who can create worlds, who can put into their stories the light of pure romance. Stevenson could do this, but he never lost an opportunity to "know" as well.

Becke knows the life of the South Seas which he depicts. He went away to sea when he was a lad, and has been everything from a cook and a captain to a rebellious member of a pirate crew. He has made fortunes and lost them, has lived on the reefs and under the palms, and has seen the clash of native and civilized life. He has seen that an island savage may be a woman with heart and sorrows, and that trifling with her affections is as serious a crime for an Englishman as though she were a red and white English maid.

Mr. Becke lives in Australia, and his stories would have been lost in the colonial papers if Lord Pembroke had not rescued them.

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THE popularity of "Trilby" exceeds that of any novel ever published in America, not excepting "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It lacks the peculiar zest which is usually given to a popular book by being in some measure forbidden, for hardly anybody believes that the few preachers who have advertised the book by condemning its morality, have any other motive than a natural desire to keep up to date by talking about the latest topic.

"Trilby" is going on its own merits as a charming story whose people are our people by the tie of human sympathy. But there is one literary trick that Mr. du Maurier has employed which is almost invariably successful when it is managed with any skill. He introduces us to the characters, lets us get slightly interested in them, and then skips long intervals of years and tells us how they "turned out." Every child knows exactly why he loves a story from his grandmother. He is always going to discover, as the story develops, that the hero and the heroine of the tale have grown up and have become his father and his mother, or others who are quite familiar.

Du Maurier gives us a hint that he is talking about real people who lived in that ideal realm of youth and frolic and work and joy in the Quartier Latin in Paris, and he goes on presently to tell us "what happened then." *Trilby* living today in Paris, or *Trilby* dead last year, would have much less of that peculiar charm which we associate with the name.

The wonder is to see the people who read the book. Two New York cab drivers left the news stand at the Thirty Third Street station of the

elevated railroad the other day, one hiding a package inside his coat.

"What have you got?" one asked.

"That book that everybody's crazy over—that 'Trilby,'" the other said. It would be interesting to know what he thought of it.

"The country is so Svengalized by 'Trilby,'" says a theatrical manager, who is part owner of the dramatized version of the book, "that they would accept even a Trilby minstrel company seriously."

It is not often that a real poet becomes popular enough in one short year to have a line from his poems quoted quite casually in a newspaper editorial; but Mr. John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun" has sung itself into our ears until we seem to have known it always, and can even allow it to be played with. Mr. Davidson does not consider it his best work, and the other day he told his publisher, Mr. Lane, that he could "reel off any number of things as good as that."

"Reel away, then," said Mr. Lane.

Mr. Davidson is a Scotchman of thirty seven, the son of a minister. To read the list of recent successes, one might begin to imagine that the only literary spirit in Scotland was to be found in and about the manse. Davidson taught school until 1890, when he went up to London with the traditional bundle of manuscript in his pocket. The manuscript carried on the old story we all know so well, by being refused everywhere. Mr. Davidson found his four years in London hard enough. He tried all sorts of pot boiling without any success. He lived by reviewing books whose authors have never known the success that belongs to their critic today. Mr. Davidson is the new poet of the hour, and, unlike most "discoveries," his poetry is not the outcome of a fad or mental astigmatism, but of a fresh, clear vision which can see the highest real values of the commonest things.

Mr. Davidson has written several books, but his "Ballads and Songs" is best known. It is as a poet instead of a novelist that we accept him.

"The Princess Aline" is unquestionably the best piece of work Mr. Richard Harding Davis has done since "The Exiles." The plot is novel and strongly worked out, and the conclusion is one of the most artistically executed conceptions that has appeared in American fiction. Mr. Davis long ago earned his laurels in the field of short story writing, and he has materially added to them by the publication of his first novel. "The Princess Aline" is written in his characteristic style, and in Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's illustrations we find, as usual, that the hero is none other than the author himself. This feature is the one drawback to the book. Mr. Davis writes very cleverly about clever men, and we enjoy and admire his characters thoroughly until it transpires, as it almost invariably does, that he is endeavoring all the while to depict himself.

There is a flavor of egotism about it that is a little wearisome. We could stand Mr. Davis masquerading as *Van Bibber*, but after we have conceded that, we want something new. It is to be hoped either that Mr. Gibson will in future discard smooth shaven young men as center pieces to his drawings, or that Mr. Davis will cultivate a mustache before the publication of his next story.

THERE has been a great rubbing of bruised heads in editorial sancta since the appearance of Mr. James L. Ford's clever book, "The Literary Shop." Mr. Ford's rule seems to have been a very slight modification of the old Irish maxim so popular at county fairs—"When you see a head, hit it." He has hit, and he has hit hard, and hence the aforesaid rubbing.

The shock to the victims of Mr. Ford's denunciatory sarcasm must have been as surprising and unsuspected as it was crushing. In particular is this true of Mr. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, who has been so long sitting contentedly on what Eugene Field would call the "tinsel throne" of his own complacency.

"The Literary Shop" is extremely clever, not only in its merciless arraignment of the powers that be, or that were, but in its portrayal of the young and promising literary man ruined by the touch of society flattery. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Ford has said what hundreds of disappointed and aggrieved magazine contributors have been wanting to say for ten years, but, lacking command of the sarcasm which he has so tellingly employed, have left unsaid. Of all his victims Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson is the most conspicuous. With one of his characteristic strokes Mr. Ford stamps him as "unquestionably the one dominant figure in American literature today;" and the reader, if it has been his fate to come into contact with the hero of the copyright law, smiles at the sarcasm.

MR. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS is before the public again with one hundred and fifteen pages of his gentle prattle. "The Idiot" is a continuation of "Coffee and Repartee," and the best and the worst that can be said of it is that it is exactly on a level with that widely advertised little volume. Mr. Bangs has a wonderful memory, and his humor is all in a delightfully reminiscent vein that is peculiarly his own.

"Let's write a book," suggested the *Idiot*.

"What about?" asked the *Doctor*, with a smile at the idea of the *Idiot's* thinking of embarking on literary pursuits.

"About four hundred pages long," said the *Idiot*.

"I have always eschewed tobacco in every form, for one thing," said Mr. *Pedagog*.

"I am surprised," put in the *Idiot*. "That's really a bad habit."

These and others of the same type are the oases of alleged wit, and as for the rest of the book—well, the reader knows in what sort of a place oases are found.

Fortunately the *Idiot* ends up by getting married. It is not improbable, therefore, that

we are to have more of Mr. Bangs' subtle humor in the near future. Perhaps we shall hear from the *Idiot's* better half, and welcome in rapid succession "The Idioteess" and the small "Idiotlings" after the immortal fashion of the famous "Elsie Books." We cannot afford to lose Mr. Bangs. Our literature is suffering for true humor, and he is destined to occupy a prominent place as an expert on the archæology of American jokes.

At about the same time that "The Idiot" made its appearance, the Harpers published "The Adventures of Jones," by Mr. Hayden Carruth. It is interesting to compare the two books, both of them sheer nonsense, and see how comparatively easy it is for some men to write entertainingly in a fanciful vein, and how hard for others to be at all amusing in what purports to be a clever conversation.

Mr. Carruth has written a new "Baron Munchausen," and, be it said, it is infinitely more ingenious than the original. The motto of the book is "Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Under the protecting shadow of this sentiment, *Jones* tells twenty monumental and elaborated lies. They are long lies, embellished with incidental falsehoods by *Peters*, *Robinson*, and *Smith*; and on the old principle that human nature likes a cheerful liar, "The Adventures of Jones" is bound to be popular with every one who can appreciate good wholesome nonsense told in a clever way.

THE young English poet, Norman Gale, has lately published a new book, and talk is once more rife ament this new genius who a year or so ago startled the verse makers of England out of their accustomed groove, and silenced their criticisms by the continued beauty of his succeeding work.

When in "The Country Muse" Mr. Gale first experimented in his own peculiar style, the literary world almost immediately realized his power. His verse was new music, and like all new things it was criticised; but real merit is bound to win its way in the end, and Mr. Gale was too thoroughly confident of his own gift to be discouraged by the clamor of his critics. It is more than fortunate for us that such was the case, else we might never have been wooed by the subtle spell of his "Orchard Songs," or been able to revel in his last work, which is also his best—"A June Romance." Those who have learned to love the placid style of "Prue and I," or "Dream Life," will find in Mr. Gale's poem in prose an echo of the melodies of their favorite books. "A June Romance" has settled once for all that Mr. Gale is entitled to rank among our most finished literary craftsmen, and we are satisfied that its quiet charm will win it many friends.

There is but one fault to mar the perfection of Mr. Gale's work—a touch here and there that is distinctly sensual when contrasted with the general purity of tone. This it was that roused the resentment of the critics in the case of

"The Country Muse," and while it is observable to a far less extent in "A June Romance" it is still sufficient to impress the average reader disagreeably.

"MR. CHAMES FADDEN" has marched into popular favor with no uncertain step, to the surprise of himself, the author, and all logical observers. For what possible interest the book can have for any one outside of New York is one mystery, and what possible reason there can be for the sudden popularity of Bowery slang and profanity among the wives and daughters of our upper tendom is another and a greater one. Whatever merit there may be in the character painting Mr. Townsend has done in his book, it is not a little surprising to find *Chimmie's* pet phrases adopted enthusiastically by women, and to be greeted over the tea cups, or in the intervals of a waltz, with "What t'ell?" and "Chase yerself—see?" from the lips of New York's swellest daughters.

Judged on its merits Mr. Townsend's book is a wonderful piece of character drawing. He has caught the atmosphere of the Bowery to perfection, but "Chimmie Fadden" is a work entirely undeserving of the dignity of book form; suited, in other words, to exactly its original purpose—publication in the columns of a clever daily.

It is evident, too, that Mr. Townsend must rely solely on *Chimmie Fadden* to make the book a success. The "Major Max and Other Stories" are hopelessly dull.

SOMETIMES, among the "fugitive" verses of the periodical press, the reader will find a gem. Here is a brief poem that appeared nearly twenty years ago in the *Daily Graphic* of New York, a journal since extinct:

#### FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,  
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought

Each of the other's being, and no heed;  
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands  
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;  
And, all unconsciously, shape every act  
And bend each wandering step to this one end—  
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet  
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life  
So nearly side by side that, should one turn  
Ever so little space to right or left,  
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;

And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,  
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips  
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,  
They seek each other all their weary days  
And die unsatisfied—and that is Fate!

Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding, the author of the above lines, was born at Bath, Maine. She married young, but soon became a widow. Since her husband's death she has lived in Boston, in Wilmington, Delaware, and abroad. Her remuneration for the verses quoted from the *Graphic* was a complimentary letter from the editor.

## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

A SUMMARY of the business done by the railroads of the United States during the year 1894 shows a result that is of interest beyond the limits of the world of finance. Its striking, almost startling, feature is the fact that with nearly a thousand miles of new lines in operation, American railroad companies earned about a hundred and fifty millions of dollars less than in the previous twelvemonth.

This colossal loss falls, of course, upon their stockholders, their employees, and the manufacturers from whom they purchase rails, cars, and other supplies. Labor is the greatest loser; while dividends may have fallen off by \$30,000,000, there must have been a decline of more than \$100,000,000 in the wages paid by the companies and by the producers of the material they use. But all this is only a small part of the industrial suffering indicated by the figures given. It is reckoned by authorities on railroad finance that roughly speaking, two thirds of the income of our lines is earned by hauling freight; and that every dollar paid for freightage represents, on an average, the transportation of a ton of goods. Dividing the loss of \$150,000,000 in the proportion given, we may assume that \$100,000,000 of it fell upon the freight receipts. This implies that the volume of traffic decreased by 100,000,000 tons. Putting the average worth of a ton of goods at ten dollars—probably too low a figure—we find that the railroads handled less by \$1,000,000,000 in value than in 1893, and that the production of our various industries—the agencies that make the country's wealth—was diminished by that vast amount.

Such a depression is an extraordinary incident in our industrial history. That it is nothing more than an incident, that it will soon be obliterated by new and continued expansion, we fully believe.

THE supreme court of a Western State recently rendered a decision, in a murder case, that gives legal recognition to the mysterious phenomena which, for want of a better name, we call hypnotism, or mesmerism. As reported in the newspapers, the facts are these. Last May Thomas McDonald, without apparent reason or provocation, shot and killed Thomas Patton near Winfield, Kansas. Charged with murder, McDonald's defense was that he had been hypnotized by one Anderson Gray, and was neither morally nor legally responsible for the deed. He was acquitted, and—as a logical consequence—Gray was arrested, tried, and found guilty of murder in the first degree, though he had not even been present when the crime occurred. His counsel appealed the case, and the highest judiciary of the State has affirmed the judgment of the district court.

The decision is, so far as we know, the first that gives any legal status to modern theories

and experiments upon the control of one person's will by another's. It opens up an interesting field of speculation upon the definitions of personal responsibility, and a somewhat disquieting vista of the possibilities of crime committed through hypnotized agents.

In the middle ages, occult powers often figured in the courts, and criminal law was as much concerned with magic and sorcery as was medicine with such mysterious ailments as possession by the devil. With the advent of modern enlightenment, belief in the supernatural faded, and science refused to recognize what it could not explain. When Mesmer first asserted the possibility of an 'occult influence exerted by one individual upon another, his "animal magnetism" was ridiculed by the orthodox authorities of the time, although the people of Paris flocked to receive medical treatment from him. A commission appointed by the French government, and a committee of the Academy, successively investigated the new theories and declared them worthless.

Today we are better informed and more just. We admit that Mesmer, in spite of his tinge of quackery, was an original and courageous speculator, a pioneer in the field in which later psychologists have made interesting and important discoveries. Medical science fully recognizes this mysterious force which he was the first to identify and name, though it hesitates as to the expediency of its use. The law has now taken cognizance of its possible bearing upon the gravest questions of personal responsibility. And when we come to understand it more fully, we may learn that its mental and physical influence is more far reaching than we suspect.

WITH one Congress and forty four State Legislatures to wrestle with the complex problems of government, it is not strange that many very extraordinary bills are framed, and that some of them become law. American ingenuity is strikingly illustrated by the skill some of our Solons display in discovering abuses and devising statutory means of remedying them. An Illinois lawmaker, who apparently regards bachelors as the root of all evil, has proposed to levy a heavy tax on all single men between the ages of thirty two and sixty five. In order, however, to be lenient to offenders who see the error of their ways, and attempt, even unsuccessfully, to amend them, his bill provides that a bachelor who can present proof that he has proposed marriage to no less than three women shall be exempted from the tax.

So much for social reform. The purification of politics might be simultaneously achieved by a New York bill which aimed to make it aailable offense to ask a candidate for office to buy a ball ticket. Trade, too, offers a fertile field to the genius of legislative experiment.



Another Illinois statesman has attempted to invoke heavy penalties upon dry goods stores that sell anything but dry goods. One measure introduced at Albany makes it a disdemeanor to sell any goods at less than cost; another enacts that no druggist shall sell a patent medicine until he has first personally tried its effects. We hear—but this is probably a piece of newspaper humor—of a Western Senator who, having encountered a tin tack in a section of mince pie upon which he was lunching, framed a bill making it a crime punishable with two years' imprisonment and a fine of fifty dollars to adulterate pies with tacks. Such a proposition would scarcely be more absurd than many that have actually and seriously been made.

Silly legislation of this sort can hardly be productive of any very disastrous result; but it wastes the time of our lawmaking bodies, and tends to diminish public respect for the law by cumbering the statute books with acts that cannot be enforced.

WE are constantly told that this is an ultra practical age; that we judge everything by the utilitarian standard; that we tend toward sordidness in business, lack of ideality in the arts, and an exaltation of worldly affairs over spiritual things.

There is some truth in the charge, though those who make it are often guilty of exaggeration. We are a practical generation, yet sentiment and ideality have by no means perished from the face of the earth. And practicality is not an unmixed evil, nor utilitarianism a synonym for total depravity.

Glance, for instance, at the modern trend of our religious and charitable activities. That the practical spirit is increasingly felt in this wide and important field, no one can deny; that its influence has been for good, very few will question. The church of today is even more important as a focus of benevolent energies than as a devotional center. It has come into more intimate relations with the world, into closer contact with human life. It no longer teaches that there is a wall of division between sacred things and secular things, and that a man must dwell on one side of the line or the other. It no longer tells us that the body is vile and accursed, and that all our thought and care must be for the soul alone. It recognizes that the God who created the soul created the body also; that the human frame has its proper dignity, and should command its proper respect; that a squalid and stunted bodily life is in itself a sin; that physical well being is the first step, almost the prerequisite, to mental and moral well being.

All this is suggested by reading a card recently issued by the Charity Organization Society, of New York. The document is a striking contrast to the familiar "tracts" which an older generation of mission workers was wont to scatter in unlimited quantities as a panacea for the ills of the sick, the criminal, the ignorant, and the hungry poor. It sets forth what

may be called the gospel of utilitarian missionary work, and it is happily entitled a "Health and Happiness Chart." Its doctrines are brief and clear statements of the cost and value of the cheapest and most wholesome foods, with instructions upon cardinal points in preparing them, and a series of maxims like the following:

Digestion is assisted by cheerfulness.

To cook indifferently fills the hospitals with sick children and the saloons with ill fed men.

There are twenty three of these apothegms, and their initials form an acrostic that reads, "Trust in God and do the right." The trend of latter day philanthropy is well instanced by this effort to promote religious faith and moral rectitude by a common sense assault upon the commonplace evils of physical discomfort.

THE antitoxine war, started some months ago by the great Virchow in Berlin, has been transplanted to New York, and from present indications it looks as if it was to be carried on all over the United States. The great news agencies which faithfully report every important and every unimportant item of interest from hour to hour, are acting the part of the advance guard. A few weeks ago all the papers announced that a young woman in Brooklyn had died suddenly after one injection of antitoxine. The particular drug used with such fatal result was of German manufacture, the kind condemned by Dr. Virchow. That gentleman, as far as is known, has had no occasion to investigate the French compound of the same description. If he had done so, he would probably have raised his voice against the use of that, too.

At various American hospitals both kinds have been on trial for some time, and many physicians have expressed themselves in favor of the drug. At a recent meeting of medical men in New York, five papers in praise of antitoxine were read, but at the conclusion of the last essay one of the physicians present, Dr. Joseph E. Winters, rose to say that for three months he had studied its effects carefully in the Willard Parker Hospital, but had utterly failed to find a single case where it had had a healthy influence on diphtheria. "On the other hand," he continued, "I have found many where death has been due directly to the use of the drug." Dr. Winters refused to believe the statistics of antitoxine advocates (among them those of Dr. Biggs, of the New York board of health), and attempted to prove their general untrustworthiness. He warned the public against submitting to indiscriminate antitoxine inoculation, as it is now carried on, and said: "There are always two things to be considered. One is the individual susceptibility to the drug. Miss Valentine, of Brooklyn, died on account of her susceptible state. The other is the bacteriological diagnosis of diphtheria. Where the bacteriological diagnosis, in the absence of clinical evidences, quarantines the house, and separates a family from relatives and friends, it is a sin against man. But when it forces an unfortunate victim into an infec-



tious hospital, and renders him liable to death, it becomes a crime."

While the doctors are fighting about antitoxine in this fashion, it might be well for the public to keep its eyes open and profit by the crumbs of wisdom that fall from the learned men's table.

\* \* \*

WE spoke last month in this department of the series of defeats recently encountered by the champions of the political enfranchisement of women. Since the rebuff they received last year before the New York constitutional convention, others have followed in Kansas, South Dakota, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; and now the Legislature of Maine, after passing a suffrage bill through one house, has killed it in the other.

This last incident is a disappointing one, and yet it is also encouraging, for it shows progress. Fifteen years ago such a partial success could not have occurred. Propositions for the enfranchisement of women were then regarded simply as a joke, as material for humor; today they command earnest attention. The movement has gone beyond the ridicule stage, through which many another great and ultimately successful movement has had to pass. It continues to advance, and the opposition of ingrained prejudice and of the baser elements of politics cannot permanently stay its progress.

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THE abandonment of the free pew system by one of the most important churches in Brooklyn has attracted more than local attention as a setback to a movement that has hitherto been regarded as successful. About a year ago the abolition of pew rents in a prominent New York house of worship—that of the Ascension—following upon similar action by other churches, was widely commented on as promising the further spread of the free system. Now, after full trial, the rector of St. Peter's, in Brooklyn, declares that it has made it impossible for him to meet the necessary expenses of his ministry; and if this is the experience of a leading religious body in the fourth city of the United States, how can smaller and less wealthy congregations succeed where the Brooklyn church has failed?

Probably the most widely known champion of the free pew system is Dr. William S. Rainsford, head of the largest and most active Episcopal congregation in New York. Dr. Rainsford regards it as a matter of principle, of necessity. "Where people have homes of their own," he says, "or in small cities and towns, it may be well to have paid sittings. The time has come, however, when in order to catch and hold the masses free churches are an absolute necessity. There should be no distinction between poverty and riches in the church. The occupant of the tenement should be as free to go in and sit down as the man who can afford to pay for a pew. Are we prepared to bar out the larger portion of our population? If not, let them know that they are welcome to a sit-

ting in any of our churches. I firmly believe that nothing but a free church system will reach and influence the poor and lower classes."

It cannot be denied that on the question of principle the free system is the more attractive; yet there is much to be said on the other side. It is urged that regularly rented sittings give a closer connection with the church, and a local attachment that may aid devotion; that they enable the clergyman to note the absence of members detained by sickness or otherwise; that the rentals may be so graduated as to accommodate all applicants, whatever their circumstances; that even rented pews are assigned under "conditions of Christian hospitality," and that their holders are expected to welcome strangers when possible.

Such are, in brief, the arguments from a religious standpoint. On the monetary side of the question, the decision must be left to individual experience. It is certainly an advantage, as a matter of business, to have the assigned revenue produced by pew rentals; yet churches may succeed financially, and may fail financially on either plan. Perhaps more would succeed and fewer would fail if we had more large churches and fewer small ones. The consolidation of congregations that now struggle for independent existence into large united bodies might often end the controversy as to paid or free sittings by rendering the exaction of pew rents unnecessary.

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THE New York *Sun* has repeated the suggestion, several times offered before, that the renown of James Fenimore Cooper should entitle that pioneer of American literature to the honor of a suitable monument in one of our great cities—preferably in New York, the literary center of the country, and the metropolis of the State in which Cooper lived and wrote. It is indeed scarcely creditable to our reputation for public spirit and appreciation of merit that nearly half a century should have passed since Cooper's death without the erection of such a memorial.

Cooper was the Sir Walter Scott of American literature. The comparisons that have often been instituted between the author of "Waverley" and the creator of *Leatherstocking* are not wholly to the advantage of the former. No less an authority than Mr. Thackeray has recorded his opinion that Cooper deserves the higher place in the realm of fiction. The most imposing monument ever dedicated to an author is the splendid Gothic structure in Edinburgh that bears the name of Scott. Have we not sufficient pride in the heroes of our own literature to pay honor to the grand old American of Otsego Lake?

In New York's chief park we have the effigies of English, Scotch, Irish, and German authors—one of them a copy of the figure that forms part of the Scott monument in Edinburgh. American writers are represented there by one unimportant statue of an obscure poet. A fitting memorial of Cooper would be a welcome addition.

# THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

## SOME MIGHTY INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES.

In September	we had	16	pages of advertising,	representing	\$1,514.61	net cash.
October	" " 20	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	2,899.58	" " "
November	" " 29	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	4,973.44	" " "
December	" " 59	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	11,526.38	" " "
January	" " 45	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	9,103.55	" " "
February	" " 58	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	12,036.46	" " "
March	" " 59	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	13,237.16	" " "
April	" " 65	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	16,422.15	" " "
May	we have	80	" " " "	" " " "	20,160.97	" " "

CIRCULATION building is one thing; the building of an advertising department is quite another. The people generally have a reasonably good appreciation of what it means to put a magazine up to 500,000 circulation in eighteen months. The fact that no other magazine in the world has such a circulation makes it plain that there must have been a considerable expenditure of nervous energy and concrete thought to accomplish what has been accomplished on MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in so brief a space of time. This feeling is accentuated when it is considered that the combined American circulation of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, and *Cosmopolitan* does not equal that of MUNSEY'S alone. **This is a measurement that means something.** These four magazines have been the giants in the field. They have the accumulated momentum of years, the accumulated wealth of years, the prestige of years, the system, the machinery, the trained force—all this they have had; nothing of this has MUNSEY'S had, and yet it has forged ahead at such a pace that in one brief year and a half it has to its credit a circulation in excess of the combined circulation of these four giants. This fact is so startling and yet so simple that one does not have to be up in the technique of publishing to understand it. It is the people's problem—plain, straightforward, easy.

But when it comes to advertising—to the building of an advertising department—the people are simply not in it. It is only a publisher, or one long associated with publishing, who can have any just appreciation of the herculean task of bringing the advertiser into a new publication. The subjugation of a continent is easy in comparison. The advertiser is one of the boldest and one of the most conservative of men. He spends thousands, hundreds of thousands, a million dollars, perhaps, with a dash that makes one's head swim, and yet he is conservative to an extreme degree about taking up a new publication. There has been so much lying about circulation, so much robbery,

that the advertiser is disposed to distrust every new medium, and, moreover, he is strongly inclined to the belief that nothing but a publication of long established reputation reaches the class of readers to whom it is worth his time and money to talk of his wares. In view of these facts, the foregoing statement of our work in the building of advertising will, we fancy, be interesting.

Twenty thousand dollars, net cash, for the month of May alone, raises MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in advertising, as it is in circulation, to the first place among magazines the world over. But the good work has just begun; the momentum is just on. The eyes of the advertiser are open, and already he sees that what we have done within the last year and a half for the magazine reader in the way of, *reducing magazines to a right price*, we are now doing for the advertiser, in *reducing advertising to a right price*.

### ONE MORE WORD ABOUT ADVERTISING.

We have not merely raised the advertising department of this magazine to the first place among magazines in point of revenue, but have, as well, raised it to the highest grade. It is our aim to allow nothing in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE but advertisements of *reputable, honorable business houses—houses with which our readers can feel safe in dealing*. Acting on this line we have within the last six months refused contracts that would aggregate over forty thousand dollars. With the exception of a few contracts made nearly a year ago and now drawing to a close, there are no advertisements in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE today that the most fastidious critic could criticise.

The advertisers in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE are the representative advertisers—advertisers whose advertising gives character to a publication—stamps upon it, in large letters, the approval of these clear headed, forceful men. And when such men spend with us in a single month **twenty thousand dollars**, and in times

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.

like these, it means that MUNSEY'S is a magazine that pays them great big money on their investment.

#### FOR THE MAN THAT THINKS.

##### *It costs to advertise in*

Harper's . . .	\$250 per page.
The Century . .	250 " "
The Cosmopolitan	300 " "
Scribner's . . .	200 " "

Total . \$1,000 per page.  
In Munsey's . 400 " "

Saving to the advertiser \$600 " "

And MUNSEY'S has a circulation in excess of the net American circulation of Harper's, The Century, The Cosmopolitan, and Scribner's combined.

##### *By the line it costs to advertise in*

Harper's . . . .	\$1.75
The Century . . .	1.75
The Cosmopolitan	1.75
Scribner's . . . .	1.50

Total . \$6.75 a line.  
In Munsey's . 2.00 a line.

Saving to the advertiser 4.75 a line.

In connection with the foregoing let us say, and we wish to accentuate our words with all the force of serious thought and wide experience, **that there is no man, no manufacturer or agent anywhere, who seeks a wide outlet for his goods—wishes the people to know of his goods—who can afford to remain out of Munsey's Magazine when he can buy advertising space at the price at which he can buy it today.**

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE goes into the homes of the wideawake, up to date people—into the hands of the people who have money to spend and spend it freely for their wants and pleasures.

In no combination of mediums outside of MUNSEY'S can the advertiser buy one million circulation, we care not what it costs him, that will be so valuable to him—that will bring him so many dollars—as the half million circulation of MUNSEY'S. *There are no duplicates in this half million, no dead heads, no fossils.*

#### "CHEAP" MAGAZINES.

A GREAT deal of nonsense—of sheer rubbish—has been talked and printed about "cheap" magazines since MUNSEY'S made its price ten cents. The expression is misleading; it is the refuge of the extortionist who still demands from the people the old war price for his goods—his publication, if you please. Expansion is a good thing; breadth is a mighty good thing. The broad man gets out of ruts—opens his eyes to new conditions, lines up alongside of new conditions. There was a time when twenty five cents, thirty five, perchance, was a right price for a magazine of the best grade. But that day is long since past—gone forever, as

surely as the old stage coach has gone. Ten cents is the right price for a magazine today, and every publisher that charges more than ten cents is robbing the people. We know whereof we speak; we know that ten cents is right; that as good a magazine as has ever been made can be made and sold profitably at ten cents. It is somewhat amusing—yes, it is in fact decidedly amusing to witness the change of front towards MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and its price. A year ago all publishers, the magazine publishers in particular, ridiculed Munsey. His proposition—his idea of a magazine at ten cents was preposterous; his breaking away from the middle man was idiocy. Failure was inevitable, the crash was imminent. This was the feeling; this was the assertion. And the opinion was held by the great advertising agencies as well as by publishers—by advertisers themselves, by the public generally.

This was a year ago; six months ago. Today these same publishers and advertising agencies are, to use a somewhat picturesque expression of the hour, tumbling over themselves to see who can estimate the most accurately—perhaps it were truer to say most wildly—as to the fortune (their words) Munsey is making.

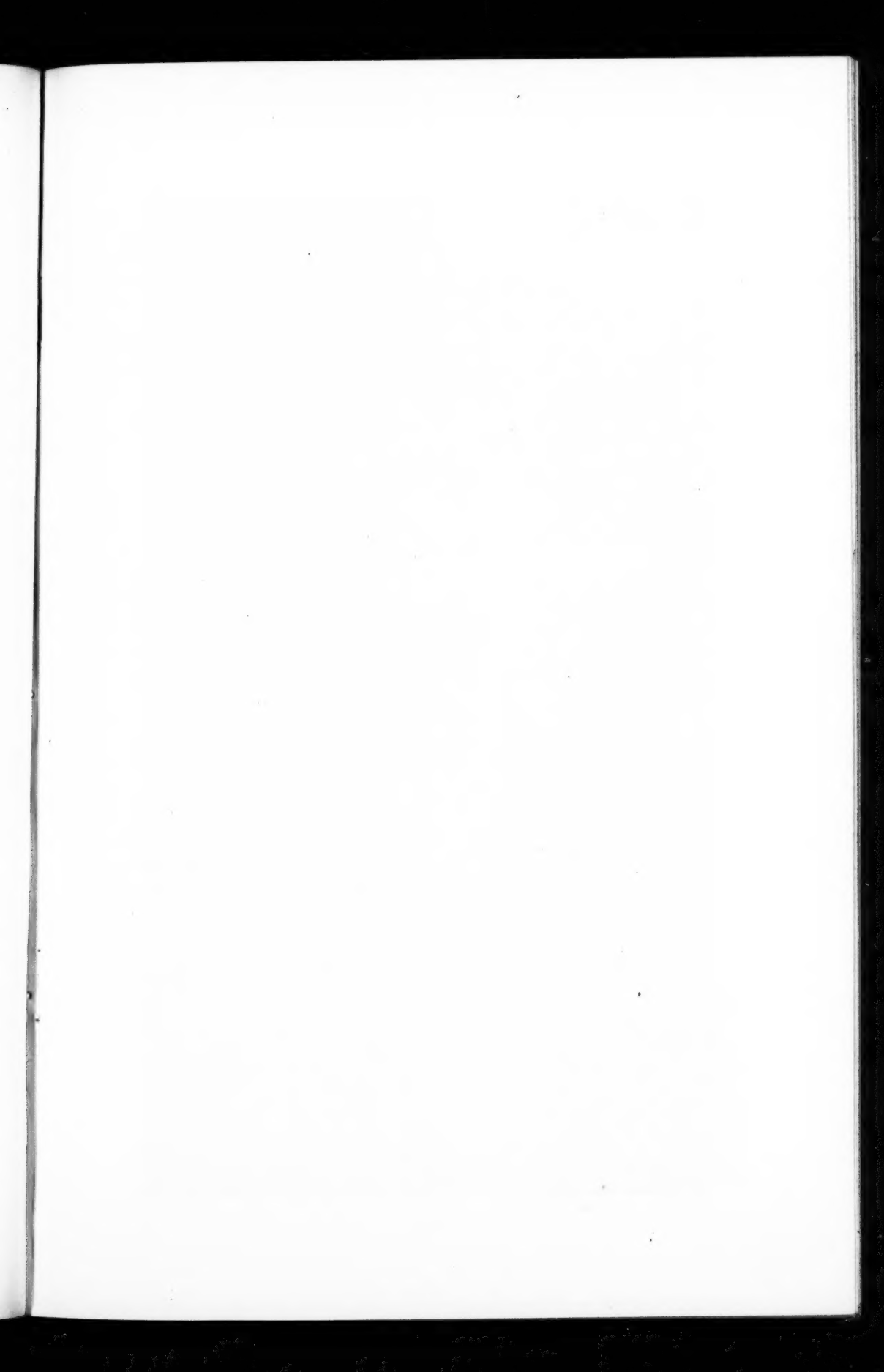
#### TO THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH.

AND it shall penetrate to the uttermost parts of the earth. In proof of this witness the following list of names, subscribers to MUNSEY'S, from Smyrna, Turkey in Asia.

A. Kechichian.	V. Antonian.
John Mirkelian.	A. Balusian.
Missir Missirian.	Alf. W. Slaars.
Marius de Andria.	S. Baliozian.
Fred. W. Rose.	B. Ladhopoulos.
C. Bahadour.	Georges D. Issigonis.
Pierre Corpi.	J. Weber.
Georges Carrer.	F. Blackler.
Byron Antonopoulos.	Frank C. Holton.
R. H. Roboly.	T. Bowen Rees.
B. Petrick.	Hy R. de Jong.
Charley Joly.	John de Jong.
S. E. Papadimitriou.	Rev. A. MacLachlan.
Alf. A. Hadkinson.	P. Anastassiadhis.
Eug. Zecchinis.	Jas. Wilkinson.
Steven Couyoumdjian	Agop. Inkabian.
John K. Papazian.	Aime Tissot.
G. Balabanian.	Antoine Perrosier.
Edwin S. Joly.	Nicolas Riso.
Aram Chahinian.	G. Dilsizian.

Shoot a copy of MUNSEY'S into a new territory—into a community where it is unknown—and straightway there will spring up a crop of subscriptions like unto the sands of the sea.

To all the countries of the earth (we have no record of its having gone elsewhere) MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has found its way. It has penetrated the jungles of India and the icy mountains of the frozen north; it is read in the haciendas of Mexico and on the gold bearing plains of Australia; it has reached the pioneer settlers of Buluwayo, where but a few months ago King Lobengula ruled in savage state; it has gone over oceans and continents, wherever it has found an eye with intelligence to admire the beautiful in art and to appreciate the brightest and most novel in literature.





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"Ophelia."

*From the painting by C. Makovsky.*